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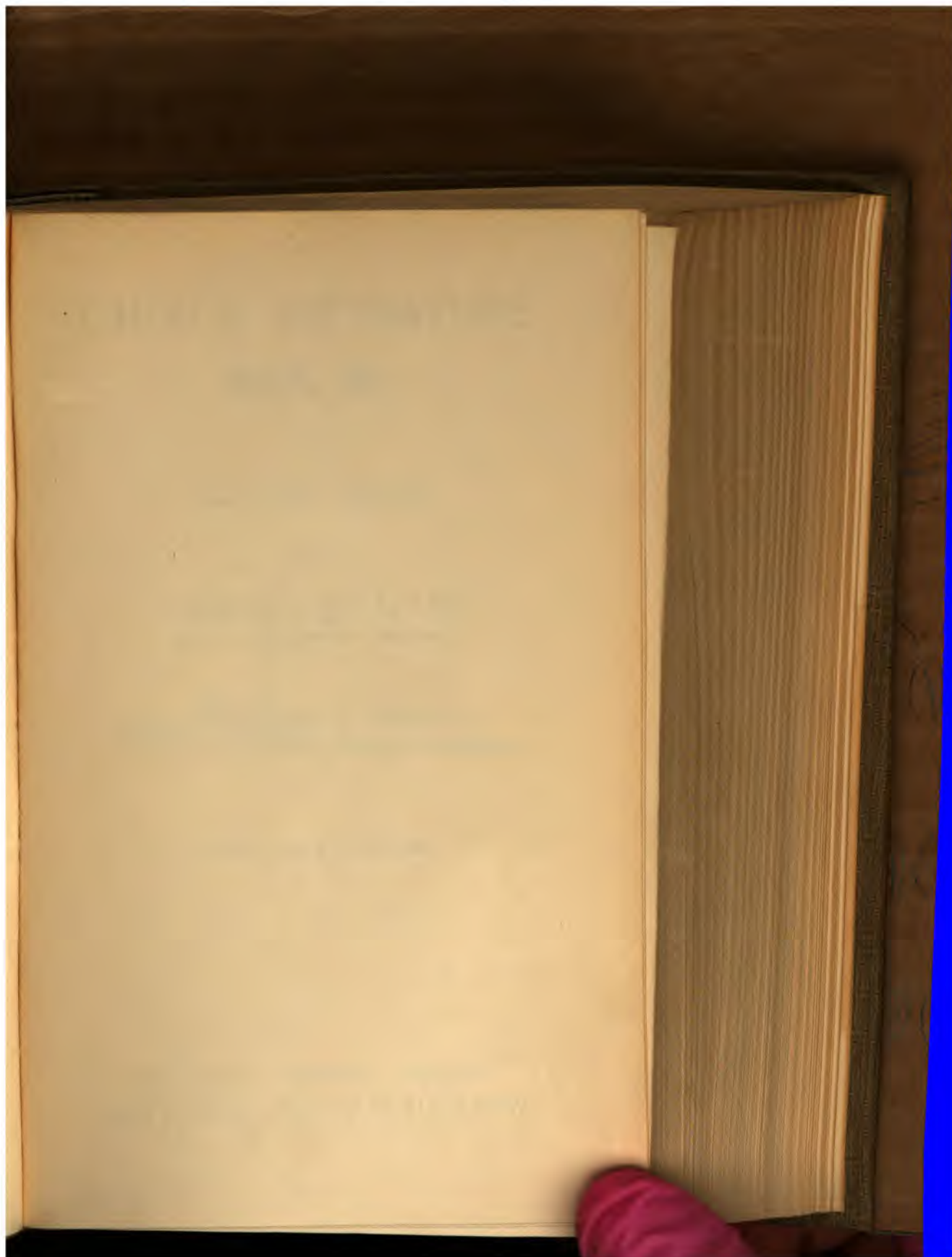
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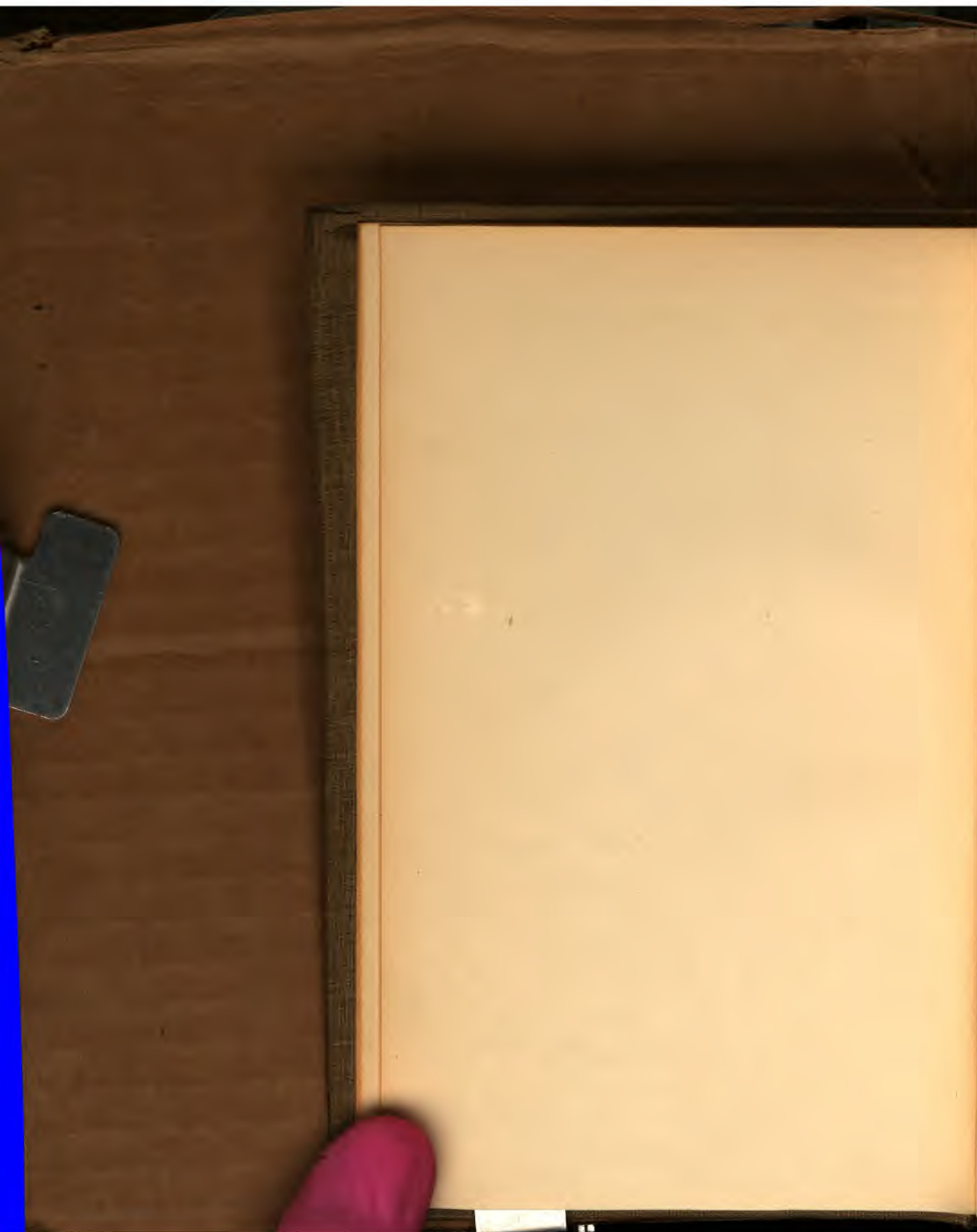


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CHOICE LITERATURE

BOOK SIX

COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY

SHERMAN WILLIAMS

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LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

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CHOICE LITERATURE. BOOK VI.

E-P 1

PREFACE

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER once said, "To teach a child to read, and not teach it what to read, is to put a dangerous weapon into its hands."

Mr. Warner also said, "Good literature is as necessary to the growth of the soul as good air is to the growth of the body, and it is just as bad to put weak thought into a child's mind, as to shut it up in an unventilated room."

Many children of the grade in which this volume should be used are having their last year in school. See to it that they acquire the reading habit before leaving. To help you in this many standard authors are quoted and their best writings given in this volume. Glance at the Table of Contents and see the noted names. Scott, Shakespeare, Fiske, Whittier, Lamb, Ingelow, Shelley, Moore, Browning, Beecher, Lowell, Stedman, Cary, Bryant, Burns, Addison, Kingsley, Emerson, Drake, Webster, Poe, Goldsmith, Milton, Tennyson, Austin, Henry, Irving, and many others, and not a selection that will not be enjoyed by some of your pupils if they have been trained to love reading.

A great variety is offered to suit differing tastes and to give a wide outlook upon the field of literature. Certain work should be followed all through the school course. Pupils should memorize and recite good literature. Perhaps no better list of selections for such work has been made than that found in the elementary syllabus published by the state of New York. Those selections

are found in this series, as well as many other suitable ones. The teacher should read to her pupils. This series can well be used for that purpose, making selections from a book of higher grade than the one being used in the class. Pupils should read at home, as there is not time in school for a sufficient amount of practice.

The selections from Fiske, Whittier, Lowell, Alice Cary, and Emerson are used by permission of, and by arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers of their works. Thanks are extended to J. B. Lippincott Company for Read's "Sheridan's Ride;" to Fords, Howard, and Hurlbert for selections from Beecher; to Charles Scribner's Sons for Stedman's "Pan in Wall Street;" to D. Appleton and Company for selections from Bryant; to G. P. Putnam's Sons for selections from Irving; and to Doubleday, Page and Company for a selection from "Seven Seas," copyright, 1896, by Rudyard Kipling.

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CHOICE LITERATURE

BOOK SIX

RALEIGH

From "Kenilworth"

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Sir Walter Scott, justly called the Wizard of the North, was born in Edinburgh, in 1771. He was lame and in delicate health, and, in consequence of this, spent much of his youth in various parts of the country with friends. This made him familiar with Scottish character and habits, as well as Scottish anecdotes, tradition, and history, more especially the Scottish border history. He was exceedingly fond of out-of-door life, and his reading was mostly romances. He was a great reader, and in this way as well as by conversation acquired that mine of information upon which he drew so freely in after life. As a boy he was not scholarly in his tastes, and did not apply himself well. He knew some Latin, but no Greek. Later he learned to read German, French, Italian, and Spanish. He had great fondness for inventing and telling stories, and did it remarkably well, thus early showing his bent of mind. His poems were written before his novels. The more noted ones are "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," "Lady of the



SCOTT

Lake," "Rokeby," and "Lord of the Isles." His first novel was published anonymously. The long list that followed cannot be given

here. Among the most famous are "Kenilworth," "Ivanhoe," "Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "The Talisman," "The Antiquary," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Quentin Durward," and "Waverley."



KENILWORTH CASTLE

Scott was ambitious, not only to make a

name, but to establish a great estate. In 1811 he bought the first of what afterwards became Abbotsford. In the course of years he expended great sums of money here, altogether not less than \$300,000. He became connected with a publishing house, and its failure in 1826 involved him in a debt of \$600,000. He attempted to pay this great sum by his pen, and before his death six years later he had paid \$330,000, a task never before equaled. The amount of work done in this period by Scott is marvelous, but he broke down under the strain.

AT this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners.¹ After these came the queen, amid a crowd of lords and ladies.

The young cavalier we have so often mentioned had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. Unbonneting, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well

¹ *Gentlemen Pensioners*: Gentlemen-at-arms.

with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a little pool of muddy water interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to insure her stepping over it dryshod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence, and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please follow me."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind. The young cavalier was guided to the water side by the pensioner, who showed him considerable respect. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the gentleman pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies, and the nobles of her household. At length one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping to the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of majesty not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The mud-dyed cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our behalf, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and somewhat bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"Well, young man," said the queen, "your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to replace the suit which you cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

"May it please your grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose —"

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me," said the queen, interrupting him. "I take shame to say that, in our capital, such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction."

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done, and then modestly assured her that gold was still less his wish than the raiment her majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" rejoined the queen, "neither gold nor garment? What is't thou wouldst have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam—if it is not asking too high an honor—permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy?" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter. "When your majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The queen again blushed; and endeavored to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

"The youth's head is turned with reading romances. I must know something of him that I may send him safe to his friends. What art thou?"

"A gentleman of the household of the Earl of Sussex, so please your grace, sent hither, with his master of horse, upon a message to your majesty."

In a moment the gracious expression which Elizabeth's face had hitherto maintained gave way to an expression of haughtiness and severity.

"My Lord Sussex," she said, "has taught us how to re-

gard his messages by the value he places upon ours. We sent but this morning the physician-in-ordinary of our chamber, and that at no usual time, understanding his lordship's illness to be more dangerous than he had before apprehended. He found the gate of Say's Court defended by men with culverins, as if it had been on the borders of Scotland, not in the vicinity of our court; and when he demanded admittance in our name, it was stubbornly refused. For this slight of a kindness, which had but too much of condescension in it, we will receive—at present, at least—no excuse; and some such we suppose to have been the purport of my Lord of Sussex's message."

This was uttered in a tone and with a gesture which made Lord Sussex's friends who were within hearing tremble. He to whom the speech was addressed, however, trembled not; but with great deference and humility, as soon as the queen's passion gave him opportunity, he replied: "So please your most gracious majesty, I was charged with no apology from the Earl of Sussex."

"With what were you then charged, sir?" inquired the queen, with the impetuosity which, amid noble qualities, strongly marked her character. "Was it with a justification or with a defiance?"

"Madam," said the young man, "my Lord of Sussex knew the offense approached toward treason, and could think of nothing save of securing the offender, and placing him in your majesty's hands, and at your mercy. The noble earl was fast asleep when your most gracious message reached him, a potion having been administered to that purpose by his physician; and his lordship knew not of the ungracious repulse your majesty's royal and most comfort-

able message had received, until after he awoke this morning."

"And which of his domestics, then, presumed to reject my message?" asked the queen, much surprised.

"The offender, madam, is before you," replied Walter, bowing very low. "The full and sole blame is mine; and my lord has most justly sent me to abide the consequences of a fault, of which he is as innocent as a sleeping man's dreams can be of a waking man's actions."

"What! Was it thou — thou thyself — that repelled my messenger and my physician from Say's Court?" said the queen. "What could occasion such boldness in one who seems devoted to his sovereign?"

"Madam," answered the youth, "we say in our country, that the physician is for the time the liege sovereign of his patient. Now, my noble master was then under dominion of a leech, who had issued his commands that his patient should not be disturbed on the peril of his life. This morning my master awakened, much refreshed and strengthened from the only sleep he hath had for many hours."

The queen answered hastily, and without affecting to disguise her satisfaction, "By my word, I am glad he is better. But thou wert over bold to deny access of my Doctor Masters. Young man, what is thy name and birth?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious queen, the youngest son of a large but honorable family of Devonshire."

"Raleigh?" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection. "Have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh; "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your grace's ears."

"Hark ye, Master Raleigh," said the queen, "see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak, in token of penitence, till our pleasure be further known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh knelt, and as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it. He knew, perhaps better than almost any of her courtiers who surrounded her, how to mix the devotion claimed by the queen with the gallantry due to her personal beauty; and in this, his first attempt to unite them, he succeeded so well as at once to gratify Elizabeth's personal vanity and her love of power.

ANGLO-NORMAN DAYS

From "Ivanhoe"

SIR WALTER SCOTT

"THE curse of St. Withold upon these infernal porkers!" said the swineherd, after blowing his horn obstreperously, to collect together the scattered herd of swine, which, answering his call with notes equally melodious, made, however, no haste to remove themselves from the luxurious banquet of beechnuts and acorns on which they had fattened, or to forsake the marshy banks of the rivulet, where several of them, half plunged in mud, lay stretched at their ease, altogether regardless of the voice of their keeper.

"The curse of St. Withold upon them and upon me!" said Gurth. "If the two-legged wolf snap not up some of them ere nightfall, I am no true man. Here, Fangs!

Fangs!" he ejaculated at the top of his voice to a ragged, wolfish-looking dog, a sort of lurcher, half mastiff, half greyhound, which ran limping about as if with the purpose of seconding his master in collecting the refractory grunTERS; but which, in fact, from misapprehension of the swineherd's signals, ignorance of his duty, or malice prepense, only drove them hither and thither, and increased the evil which he seemed to design to remedy.

"A devil draw the teeth of him," said Gurth, "and the mother of mischief confound the Ranger of the forest, that cuts the foreclaws off our dogs, and makes them unfit for their trade! Wamba, up and help me, and thou beest a man. Take a turn round the back o' the hill, to gain the wind on them; and when thou'st got the weather-gage, thou may'st drive them before thee as gently as so many innocent lambs."

"Truly," said Wamba, without stirring from the spot, "I have consulted my legs upon this matter, and they are altogether of opinion that to carry my gay garments through these sloughs would be an act of unfriendship to my sovereign person and royal wardrobe; wherefore, Gurth, I advise thee to call off Fangs, and leave the herd to their destiny; which, whether they meet with bands of traveling soldiers, or of outlaws, or of wandering pilgrims, can be little else than to be converted into Normans before morning, to thy no small ease and comfort."

"The swine turned Normans to my comfort!" quoth Gurth; "expound that to me, Wamba, for my brain is too dull, and my mind too vexed, to read riddles."

"Why, how call you those grunting brutes running about on their four legs?" demanded Wamba.

"Swine, fool, swine," said the herd; "every fool knows that."

"And swine is good Saxon," said the jester. "But how call you the sow when she is flayed and drawn and quartered, and hung up by the heels like a traitor?"

"Pork," answered the swineherd.

"I am very glad every fool knows that, too," said Wamba; "and pork, I think, is good Norman-French. And so, when the brute lives, and is in the charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name; but becomes a Norman, and is called pork, when she is carried to the castle hall to feast among the nobles. What dost thou think of this, friend Gurth, ha?"

"It is but too true doctrine, friend Wamba, however it got into thy fool's pate."

"Nay, I can tell you more," said Wamba, in the same tone. "There is old Alderman Ox continues to hold his Saxon epithet while he is under the charge of serfs and bondsmen such as thou; but becomes beef, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mynheer Calf, too, becomes Monsieur de Veau in the like manner. He is Saxon when he requires tendance, and takes a Norman name when he becomes a matter of enjoyment."

"By St. Dunstan," answered Gurth, "thou speakest but sad truths. Little is left to us but the air we breathe; and that appears to have been reserved with much hesitation, solely for the purpose of enabling us to endure the tasks they lay upon our shoulders. The finest and the fattest is for their board; the loveliest is for their couch; the best and bravest supply their for-

eign masters with soldiers, and whiten distant lands with their bones, leaving few here who have either will or the power to protect the unfortunate Saxon. God's blessing on our master Cedric! He hath done the work of a man in standing in the gap. But Reginald Front-de-Bœuf is coming down to this country in person, and we shall soon see how little Cedric's trouble will avail him. Here, here!" he exclaimed again, raising his voice. "So-ho! So-ho! Well done, Fangs! Thou hast them all before thee now, and bring'st them on bravely, lad."

"Gurth," said the jester, "I know thou thinkest me a fool, or thou wouldst not be so rash in putting thy head into my mouth. One word to Reginald Front-de-Bœuf or Philip de Malvoisin that thou hast spoken treason against the Norman, and thou art but a cast-away swineherd; thou wouldst waver on one of these trees as a terror to all evil speakers against dignities."

"Dog! Thou wouldst not betray me," said Gurth, "after having led me on to speak so much at disadvantage?"

"Betray thee," answered the jester; "no! That were the trick of a wise man; a fool cannot half so well help himself. But soft! Whom have we here?" he said, listening to the trampling of several horses, which then became audible.

"Never mind whom," answered Gurth, who had now got his herd before him, and, with the aid of Fangs, was driving them down one of the long, dim vistas which we have endeavored to describe.

"Nay, but I must see the riders," answered Wamba. "Perhaps they are come from fairyland, with a message from King Oberon."¹

¹ *Oberon*: King of the fairies.

"A murrain take thee!" rejoined the swineherd. "Wilt thou talk of such things while a terrible storm of thunder and lightning is raging within a few miles of us? Hark, how the thunder rumbles! And for summer rain, I never saw such broad, downright flat drops fall out of the clouds. The oaks, too, notwithstanding the calm weather, sob and creak with their great boughs, as if announcing a tempest. Thou canst play the rational, if thou wilt; credit me for once, and let us home ere the storm begins to rage, for the night will be fearful."

Wamba seemed to feel the force of this appeal, and accompanied his companion, who began his journey after catching up his long quarterstaff which lay upon the grass beside him. This second Eumæus¹ strode hastily down the forest glade, driving before him, with the assistance of Fangs, the whole herd of his inharmonious charge.

THE ARCHERY CONTEST

From "Ivanhoe"

SIR WALTER SCOTT

TO the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle horn, mounted in silver, and a silken baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of St. Hubert, the patron of sylvan sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and under-keepers in the royal forests. When, however, the archers

¹ *Eumæus*: The swineherd of Ulysses.

understood with whom they were to be matched, upwards of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonor of almost certain defeat.

The diminished list of competitors for sylvan fame still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery.

The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the Provost of the games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded, had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can do but his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good longbow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string.

At length he made a step forward, and, raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center, or grasping place, was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear.

The arrow whistled through the air and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

"By the light of Heaven," said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions.

"An your highness were to hang me," he said, "a man

can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow —”

“Never mind thy grandsire, and all his generation,” interrupted John; “shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!”

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place; and, not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

“A Hubert! A Hubert!” shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than a stranger. “In the clout! — In the clout! — A Hubert forever!”

“Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley,” said the prince with an insulting smile.

“I will notch his shaft for him, however,” replied Locksley; and letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor.

“This must be the devil and no man of flesh and blood,” whispered the yeomen to each other. “Such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain.”

“And now,” said Locksley, “I will crave your Grace’s permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it, to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best.”

He then turned to leave the lists. “Let your guards

attend me," he said, "if you please, — I go but to cut a rod from the next willow bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! Shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing, at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round-table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft;" but, added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, — I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, and it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life, — and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locks-

ley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill; his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamation followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our bodyguard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, nor so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that, if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I." Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd and was seen no more.

THE NUBIAN

From "The Talisman"

SIR WALTER SCOTT

RICHARD surveyed the Nubian in silence as he stood before him, his looks bent upon the ground, his arms folded on his bosom, with the appearance of a black marble statue of the most exquisite workmanship, waiting life from the touch of a Prometheus. The king of England, who, as it was emphatically said of his successor, Henry the Eighth, loved to look upon a man, was well pleased with the thews, sinews, and symmetry of him whom he now surveyed, and questioned him in the *lingua Franca*, "Art thou a pagan?"

The slave shook his head, and, raising his finger to his brow, crossed himself in token of his Christianity, then resumed his posture of motionless humility.

"A Nubian Christian, doubtless," said Richard, "and mutilated of the organ of speech by these heathen dogs?"

The mute again slowly shook his head, in token of negative, pointed with his forefinger to heaven, and then laid it upon his own lips.

"I understand thee," said Richard; "thou dost suffer under the infliction of God, not by the cruelty of man. Canst thou clean an armor and belt, and buckle it in time of need?"

The mute nodded, and, stepping toward the coat of mail, which hung with the shield and helmet of the chivalrous monarch, upon the pillar of the tent, he handled it with such nicety of address, as sufficiently to show that he fully understood the business of the armor bearer.

"Thou art an apt, and wilt doubtless be a useful, knave. Thou shalt wait in my chamber, and on my person," said the king, "to show how much I value the gift of the royal Soldan. If thou hast no tongue, it follows thou canst carry no tales, neither provoke me to be sudden by an unfit reply."

The Nubian again prostrated himself till his brow touched the earth, then stood erect, at some paces distant, as waiting for his new master's commands.

"Nay, thou shalt commence thy office presently," said Richard, "for I see a speck of rust darkening on that shield; and when I shake it in the face of Saladin, it should be bright and unsullied as the Soldan's honor and mine own."

A horn was winded without, and presently Sir Henry Neville entered with a packet of dispatches. "From England, my lord," he said, as he delivered it. "From England, — our own England!" repeated Richard, in a tone of melancholy enthusiasm. "Alas! They little think how hard their sovereign has been beset by sickness and sorrow, faint friends, and forward enemies." Then, opening the dispatches, he said hastily, "Ha! This comes from no peaceful land; they too have their feuds. Neville, begone; I must peruse these tidings alone, and at leisure."

Neville withdrew accordingly, and Richard was soon absorbed in the melancholy details which had been conveyed to him from England, concerning the factions that were tearing to pieces his native dominions, — the disunion of his brothers, John and Geoffrey, and the quarrels of both with the High Justiciary Longchamp, Bishop of

Ely; the oppressions practiced by the nobles upon the peasantry, and rebellion of the latter against their masters which had produced everywhere scenes of discord, and in some instances the effusion of blood. Details of incidents mortifying to his pride, and derogatory from his authority, were intermingled with the earnest advice of his wisest and most attached counselors, that he should presently return to England, as his presence offered the only hope of saving the kingdom from all the horrors of civil discord, of which France and Scotland were likely to avail themselves.

Filled with the most painful anxiety, Richard read, and again read, the ill-omened letters, compared the intelligence which some of them contained with the same facts as differently stated in others, and soon became totally insensible to whatever was passing around him, although seated, for the sake of coolness, close to the entrance of his tent, and having the curtains withdrawn, so that he could see and be seen by the guards and others who were stationed without.

Deeper in the shadow of the pavilion, and busied with the task his new master had imposed, sat the Nubian slave, with his back rather turned toward the king. He had finished adjusting and cleaning the hauberk and brigandine, and was now busily employed on a broad pavis,¹ or buckler, of unusual size, and covered with steel plating, which Richard often used in reconnoitering, or actually storming, fortified places, as a more effectual protection against missile weapons than the narrow triangular shield used on horseback.

¹ *Pavis*: A shield large enough to protect the whole body.

This pavise bore neither the royal lions of England, nor any other device, to attract the observation of the defenders of the walls against which it was advanced. The care, therefore, of the armorer was addressed to causing its surface to shine as bright crystal, in which he seemed to be peculiarly successful. Beyond the Nubian, and scarce visible from without, lay the large dog, which might be termed his brother slave, and which, as if he felt awe by being transferred to a royal owner, was couched close to the side of the mute, with his head and ears on the ground, and his limbs and tail drawn close around and under him.

While the monarch and his new attendant were thus occupied, another actor crept upon the scene, and mingled among the group of English yeomen, about a score of whom, respecting the unusually pensive posture and close occupation of their sovereign, were, contrary to their wont, keeping a silent guard in front of his tent. It was not, however, more vigilant than usual. Some were playing at games of hazard with small pebbles, others spoke together in whispers of the approaching day of battle, and several lay asleep, their bulky limbs folded in their green mantles.

Amid these careless warders glided the puny form of a little old Turk, poorly dressed like a marabout¹ or santon of the desert, — a sort of enthusiast, who sometimes ventured into the camp of the Crusaders, though treated always with contumely, and often with violence. Indeed, the luxury and profligate indulgence of the Christian leaders had occasioned a motley concourse in their tents,

¹ *Marabout* : A Mohammedan sorcerer.

of musicians, Jewish merchants, Copts, Turks, and all the varied refuse of the Eastern nations; so that the caftan and turban — though to drive both from the Holy Land was the professed object of the expedition — were nevertheless neither an uncommon nor an alarming sight in the camp of the Crusaders. When, however, the little insignificant figure we have described approached so nigh as to receive some interruption from the warders, he dashed his dusky green turban from his head, showed that his beard and eyebrows were shaved like those of a professed buffoon, and that the expression of his fantastic and writhen features, as well as of his little black eyes, which glittered like jet, was that of a crazed imagination.

“Dance, marabout,” cried the soldiers, acquainted with the manners of these wandering enthusiasts, — “dance, or we will scourge thee with our bowstrings, till thou spin as never top did under schoolboy’s lash.” Thus shouted the reckless warders, as much delighted at having a subject to tease as a child when he catches a butterfly, or a schoolboy upon discovering a bird’s nest.

The marabout, as if happy to do their behests, bounded from the earth, and spun his giddy round before them with singular agility, which, when contrasted with his slight and wasted figure and diminutive appearance, made him resemble a withered leaf twirled round and round at the pleasure of the winter’s breeze. His single lock of hair streamed upwards from his bald and shaven head, as if some genie upheld him by it; and indeed it seemed as if supernatural art were necessary to the execution of the wild whirling dance, in which scarce the tiptoe of the performer was seen to touch the ground.

Amid the vagaries of his performance, he flew here and there, from one spot to another, still approaching, however, though almost imperceptibly, to the entrance of the royal tent; so that, when at length he sank exhausted on the earth, after two or three bounds still higher than those which he had yet executed, he was not above thirty yards from the king's person.

For the space of a quarter of an hour, or longer, after the incident related, all remained perfectly quiet in the front of the royal habitation. The king read and mused in the entrance of his pavilion; behind, and with his back turned to the same entrance, the Nubian slave still bur-nished the ample pavise; in front of all, at an hundred paces distant, the yeomen of the guard stood, sat, or lay extended on the grass, attentive to their own sports, but pursuing them in silence; while on the esplanade betwixt them and the front of the tent lay, scarcely to be distinguished from a bundle of rags, the senseless form of the marabout.

But the Nubian had the advantage of a mirror, from the brilliant reflection which the surface of the highly polished shield now afforded, by means of which he beheld, to his alarm and surprise, that the marabout raised his head gently from the ground, so as to survey all around him, moving with a well-adjusted precaution, which seemed entirely inconsistent with a state of ebriety. He couched his head instantly, as if satisfied he was unobserved, and began, with the slightest possible appearance of voluntary effort, to drag himself, as if by chance, ever nearer and nearer to the king, but stopping and remaining fixed at intervals, like the spider, which, moving towards her ob-

ject, collapses into apparent lifelessness when she thinks she is the subject of observation. This species of movement appeared suspicious to the Ethiopian, who, on his part, prepared himself as quietly as possible to interfere the instant that interference should seem to be necessary.

The marabout meanwhile glided on gradually and imperceptibly, serpent-like, or rather snail-like, till he was about ten yards' distance from Richard's person, when, starting on his feet, he sprung forward with the bound of a tiger, stood at the king's back in less than an instant, and brandished aloft the cangiar, or poniard, which he had hidden in his sleeve.

Not the presence of his whole army could have saved their heroic monarch; but the motions of the Nubian had been as well calculated as those of the enthusiast, and, ere the latter could strike, the former caught his uplifted arm. Turning his fanatical wrath upon what thus unexpectedly interposed betwixt him and his object, the Charegite, for such was the seeming marabout, dealt the Nubian a blow with the dagger, which, however, only grazed his arm, while the far superior strength of the Ethiopian easily dashed him to the ground.

Aware of what had passed, Richard had now arisen, and with little more of surprise, anger, or interest of any kind in his countenance than an ordinary man would show in brushing off and crushing an intrusive wasp, caught up the stool on which he had been sitting, and exclaiming only "Ha, dog!" dashed almost to pieces the skull of the assassin, who uttered twice, once in a loud and once in a broken tone, the words "Allah ackbar!" — God is victorious, — and expired at the king's feet.

"Ye are careful warders," said Richard to his archers, in a tone of scornful reproach, as, aroused by the bustle of what had passed, in terror and tumult they now rushed into his tent; "watchful sentinels ye are, to leave me to do such hangman's work with my own hand. Be silent, all of you, and cease your senseless clamor! Saw ye never a dead Turk before? Here, cast that carrion out of the camp, strike the head from the trunk, and stick it on a lance, taking care to turn the face to Mecca, that he may the easier tell the foul impostor, on whose inspiration he came hither, how he has sped on his errand. — For thee, my swart and silent friend," he added, turning to the Ethiopian. "But how's this? Thou art wounded, and with a poisoned weapon, I warrant me; for by force of stab so weak an animal as that could scarce hope to do more than raise the lion's hide. Suck the poison from the wound, one of you; the venom is harmless on the lips, though fatal when it mingles with the blood."

The yeomen looked on each other confusedly and with hesitation, the apprehension of so strange a danger prevailing with those who feared no other.

"How now, sirrahs?" continued the king; "are you dainty-lipped, or do you fear death, that you dally thus?"

"Not the death of a man," said Long Allan, to whom the king looked as he spoke; "but methinks I would not die like a poisoned rat for the sake of a black chattel there, that is bought and sold in a market like a Martlemas ox."

"His Grace speaks to men of sucking poison," muttered another yeoman, "as if he said, 'Go to, swallow a gooseberry!'"

"Nay," said Richard, "I never bade a man do that which I would not do myself."

And without further ceremony, and in spite of the general expostulations of those around, and the respectful opposition of the Nubian himself, the king of England applied his lips to the wound of the black slave, treating with ridicule all remonstrances, and overpowering all resistance. He had no sooner intermitted his singular occupation, than the Nubian started from him, and, casting a scarf over his arm, intimated by gestures, as firm in purpose as they were respectful in manner, his determination not to permit the monarch to renew so degrading an employment. Long Allan also interposed, saying that if it were necessary to prevent the king engaging again in a treatment of this kind, his own lips, tongue, and teeth were at the service of the negro (as he called the Ethiopian,) and that he would eat him up bodily, rather than King Richard's mouth should again approach him.

Neville, who entered with other officers, added his remonstrances.

"Nay, nay, make not a needless halloo about a hart that the hounds have lost, or a danger when it is over," said the king. "The wound will be a trifle, for the blood is scarce drawn,—an angry cat had dealt a deeper scratch,—and, for me, I have but to take a dram of orvietan by way of precaution, though it is needless."

Thus spoke Richard, a little ashamed, perhaps, of his own condescension, though sanctioned both by humanity and gratitude. But when Neville continued to make remonstrances on the peril to his royal person, the king imposed silence on him.

"Peace, I prithee; make no more of it. I did it but to show these ignorant prejudiced knaves how they might help each other when these cowardly caitiffs come against us with sarbacanes and poisoned shafts."

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

From "The Merchant of Venice"

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepterèd sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

MARMION AND DOUGLAS

SIR WALTER SCOTT

NOT far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troops array,
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.

The ancient earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered in an undertone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu;
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand."

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone;

The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire:

And "This to me!" he said;
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head.

"And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

Even in thy pitch of pride —
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hand upon your sword,)

I tell thee thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any Lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?—

No! By Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
'Up drawbridge, grooms — what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall!' ”

Lord Marmion turned — well was his need —
And dashed the rowels in his steed;
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous grate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembles on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

“Horse! Horse!” the Douglas cried, “and chase!”
But soon he reined his fury's pace.
“A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name —
A letter forged! Saint Jude to speed!
Did ever knight so foul a deed?
At first, in heart, it liked me ill,
When the king praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line:
So swore I, and I swear it still,
Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.”

ABOU BEN ADHEM

LEIGH HUNT

Leigh Hunt, essayist, critic, and poet, was born at Southgate, England, in 1784. He had much editorial experience; and was imprisoned two years, and heavily fined for an attack in the *Examiner* on the vicious Prince Regent, the article being entitled "The Prince on St. Patrick's Day." Hunt was intimate with Byron, Moore, Shelley, and Keats. Among his writings are "Captain Sword and Captain Pen," a very popular poem, denouncing war; "Men, Women, and Books;" and "Imagination and Fancy."



HUNT

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold.
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,

And showed the names whom love of God had blessed, —
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

JULY

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT

By permission of Dana Estes and Company

WHEN the scarlet cardinal tells
Her dream to the dragon fly,
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees,
And murmurs a lullaby,
It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls
The cornflower's cap awry,
And the lilies tall lean over the wall
To bow to the butterfly,
It is July.

When the heat like a mist-veil floats,
And poppies flame in the rye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
Has softened almost to a sigh,
It is July.

When the hours are so still that time
Forgets them, and lets them lie
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink
At the sunset in the sky,
It is July.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

From "The American Revolution"

JOHN FISKE

ON the morning of Thursday, December 16, the assembly which gathered in the Old South Meetinghouse, and in the streets about it, numbered more than seven thousand people. It was to be one of the most momentous days in the history of the world. The clearance having been refused, nothing now remained but to order Rotch to request a pass for his ship from the governor. But the wary Hutchinson, well knowing what was about to be required of him, had gone out to his country house in Milton, so as to foil the proceedings by his absence. But the meeting was not to be so trifled with. Rotch was enjoined, on his peril, to repair to the governor at Milton, and ask for his pass; and while he was gone, the meeting considered what was to be done in case of a refusal.

Without a pass it would be impossible for the ship to clear the harbor under the guns of the Castle; and by sunrise next morning, the revenue officers would be empowered to seize the ship, and save by a violent assault upon them it would be impossible to prevent the landing of the tea. "Who knows," said John Rowe, "how tea will mingle with salt water?" And great applause followed the suggestion. Yet the plan which was to serve as a last resort had unquestionably been adopted in secret committee long before this. It appears to have been worked out in detail in a little back room at the office of the *Boston Gazette*, where there is no doubt that Samuel Adams, with some others of the popular leaders, had a

share in devising it. But among the thousands present at the town meeting, it is probable that very few knew just what it was designed to do.

At five in the afternoon, it was unanimously voted that, come what would, the tea should not be landed. It had now grown dark, and the church was dimly lighted with candles. Determined not to act until the last legal method of relief should have been tried and found wanting, the great assembly was still waiting in and about the church when, an hour after nightfall, Rotch returned from Milton with the governor's refusal. Then, amid profound stillness, Samuel Adams arose and said, quietly, but distinctly, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." It was the declaration of war; the law had shown itself unequal to the occasion, and nothing now remained but a direct appeal to force.

Scarcely had the watchword left his mouth when a war-whoop answered from outside the door, and fifty men in the guise of Mohawk Indians passed quickly by the entrance, and hastened to Griffin's Wharf. Before the nine o'clock bell rang, the three hundred and forty-two chests of tea laden upon the three ships had been cut open, and their contents emptied into the sea. Not a person was harmed; no other property was injured; and the vast crowd, looking upon the scene from the wharf in the clear frosty moonlight, was so still that the click of the hatchets could be distinctly heard. Next morning, the salted tea, as driven by wind and wave, lay in long rows on Dorchester beach, while Paul Revere, booted and spurred, was riding post-haste to Philadelphia, with the glorious news that Boston had at last thrown down the gauntlet for the king of England to pick up.

THE COMING OF SPRING

NORA PERRY

THERE'S something in the air
That's new and sweet and rare —
A scent of summer things,
A whirl as if of wings.

There's something, too, that's new
In the color of the blue
That's in the morning sky
Before the sun is high.

And though on plain and hill,
'Tis winter, winter still,
There's something seems to say
That winter's had its day.

And all this changing tint,
This whispering stir and hint
Of bud and bloom and wing,
Is the coming of the spring.

And to-morrow or to-day
The brooks will break away
From their icy frozen sleep,
And run and laugh and leap!

And the next thing in the woods,
The catkins in their hoods
Of fur and silk will stand,
A sturdy little band.

And the tassels soft and fine
Of the hazel will entwine,
And the elder branches show
Their buds against the snow.

So, silently, but swift,
Above the wintry drift,
The long days gain and gain,
Until on hill and plain,—

Once more, and yet once more,
Returning as before,
We see the bloom of birth
Make young again this earth.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE

From "The American Revolution"

JOHN FISKE

ON the 22d of February, 1770, an informer named Richardson, being pelted by a party of schoolboys, withdrew into his house, opened a window, and fired at random into the crowd, killing one little boy and severely wounding another. He was found guilty of murder, but was pardoned.

At last, on the 2d of March, an angry quarrel occurred between a party of soldiers and some of the workmen at a ropewalk, and for two or three days there was considerable excitement in town, and people talked together, standing about the streets in groups; but Hutchinson¹

¹ Hutchinson was governor of the colony.

did not even take the precaution of ordering the soldiers to be kept within their barracks, for he did not believe that the people intended a riot, nor that the troops would dare to fire on the citizens without express permission from himself.

On the evening of March 5, at about eight o'clock, a large crowd collected near the barracks on Brattle Street, and from bandying abusive epithets with the soldiers, began pelting them with snowballs and striking at them

with sticks, while the soldiers now and then dealt blows with their muskets.

Presently Captain Goldfinch, coming along, ordered the men into their barracks for the night, and thus stopped the affray. But meanwhile some one had got into the Old Brick Meetinghouse, opposite the head of King Street, and rung the bell; and this, being interpreted as an alarm of fire, brought out many people into the moonlit streets. It was now a little past nine. The sentinel who was pacing in front of the Customhouse, had a few minutes before knocked down a barber's boy for calling names at the captain, as he went up to stop the affray on Brattle Street. The crowd in King Street now began to



FANEUIL HALL

pelt the sentinel, and some one shouted, "Kill him!" when Captain Preston and seven privates from the twenty-ninth regiment crossed the street to his aid; and thus a file of nine soldiers confronted an angry crowd of fifty or sixty unarmed men, who pressed up to the very muzzles of their guns, threw snow at their faces and dared them to fire. All at once, but quite unexpectedly, and probably without orders from Preston, seven of the leveled pieces were discharged, instantly killing four men and wounding seven others, of whom two afterwards died.

Immediately the alarm was spread throughout the town, and it might have gone hard with the soldiery had not Hutchinson presently arrived on the scene, and quieted the people by ordering the arrest of Preston and his men. Next morning the council advised the removal of one of the regiments, but in the afternoon an immense town meeting, called at Faneuil Hall, adjourned to the Old South Meetinghouse; and as they passed by the Town House (or what we now call the Old State House) the lieutenant-governor, looking out upon their march, judged "their spirit to be as high as was the spirit of their ancestors when they imprisoned Andros, while they were four times as numerous."

All the way from the church to the Town House the street was crowded with people, while a committee, headed by Samuel Adams, waited upon the governor and received his assurance that one regiment should be removed. As the committee came out from the Town House, to carry the governor's reply to the meeting in the church, the people pressed back on either side to let them pass; and Adams, leading the way with uncovered head through

the lane thus formed, and bowing first to one side and then to the other, passed along the watchword, "Both regiments, or none!" When, in the church, the question was put to vote, three thousand voices shouted, "Both regiments or none!" and, armed with this ultimatum, the committee returned to the Town House, where the governor was seated with Colonel Dalrymple and the members of the council.

Then Adams, in quiet but earnest tones, stretching forth his arm and pointing his finger at Hutchinson, said that if as acting governor of the province he had the power to remove one regiment, he had equally the power to remove both, that the voice of three thousand freemen demanded that all the soldiery be forthwith removed from the town, and that if he failed to heed their just demand, he did so at his peril. "I observed his knees to tremble," said the old hero afterwards, "I saw his face grow pale, — and I enjoyed the sight!"

That Hutchinson was agitated we may well believe; but not from fear, but from a sudden sickening sense of the odium of his position as king's representative at such a moment. He was a man of invincible courage, and surely would never have yielded to Adams, had he not known that the law was on the side of the people, and that the soldiers were illegal trespassers in Boston. Before sundown the order had gone forth for the removal of both regiments to Castle William, and not until then did the meeting in the church break up. From that day forth the fourteenth and twenty-ninth regiments were known in Parliament as "the Sam Adams regiments." Such was the famous Boston Massacre.



SHERIDAN'S RIDE

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

By permission of J. B. Lippincott Company

UP from the South at the break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And, there, through the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell — but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the tail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape flowed away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace fire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire;
But lo, he is nearing his heart's desire,
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.

What was done? What to do? A glance told him both.
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah! Hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! Hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's temple of fame, —
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

PUCK AND THE FAIRY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Puck. How now, spirit! Whither wander you?

Fairy. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;

And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
In their gold coats, spots you see ;
These be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors :
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits ; I'll be gone :
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

THE NEWSPAPER

WILLIAM ADAMS

NOTHING which is familiar to us strikes us as wonderful. Were miracles repeated every day, we should come to glance at them very heedlessly. We get used to rainbows, and stars, and sunsets, and the flashing fires of the north. Surprise wears away in time from the greatest discoveries and inventions ; and we send thought through the air, ride in carriages without horses, and in ships against the wind, just as carelessly and composedly as though such things had always been.

Fletcher, the old dramatist, was counted as half crazy when he put into the mouth of Arbaces this ranting promise : —

“ He shall have chariots easier than air,
Which I have invented ; and thyself,
That art the messenger, shall ride before him
On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,
That shall be made to go with golden wheels
I know not how yet.”

The wonder of the promise has long ago been realized; and, if the poetry of the dream should yet come to pass, and locomotives cut from solid diamonds, and car wheels wrought from gold, should become common, we should ride after them with as little surprise, as we now talk beneath the azure and the gold of God's glorious firmament. Who can forget the feeling of awe which came over him, when, for the first time, he received a telegraphic dispatch from a distant city, transmitted from New York to New Orleans, actually in advance of time itself! This approaches spiritual power more nearly than anything we have seen and handled.

The times of which we are writing are remarkable for the extension of periodical literature, especially for the ubiquity of the Newspaper. The authors of the *Spectator*, the *Tattler*, the *Rambler*, had no conception of the modern newspaper. It seems like putting the gravity of our readers to the test, when we name this as one of the most wonderful and powerful agents of our times. It is made of rags, ropes, rushes, and lampblack.

Great pains are taken in fitting up the visitant to make a respectable appearance in our mansions; but in its best trim, its pretensions are very humble. It is dumb, yet it tells us of all which is done upon the earth. It bears in its own name the initials of the four points of the compass, N.E.W.S.—news. Reeking, in hot haste, as if out of breath, it delivers its message, and then is crumpled up and thrown into the waste-paper basket, to ignite the morning's fire. Yet there is nothing more worthy of preservation; for it is the great dial plate on the clock of time.

An artist expends great time and labor in painting a

panorama, and crowds find delight in gazing upon the canvas ; yet it is of limited space, — a ruin, a river, a city, — Thebes or Jerusalem, the Nile, the Hudson, or the Mississippi. But a newspaper is a daguerreotype of the whole world, — its warrings and diplomacies, its buyings and sellings, its governments and revolutions, its marryings, births, and deaths.

A newspaper is a real microcosm, — the world made smaller, held in the hand, and brought under the eye. The huge telescope of Sir John Herschel is so swung that it reflects all the distant wonders of the sky which sweep across its lenses, upon a small horizontal table under the eye of the observer ; and analogous to this, a newspaper brings all the occurrences of remote continents, incidents at the North Pole and the Antipodes, under the light of your reading lamp, and within the space of your parlor table. The evening has come, the damp sheet is spread out before you, and with an ill-concealed impatience you sit down to see what new spectacle "Time, the scene shifter" has prepared for your astonished and delighted eye. The whole world is in motion before you. This is no small gossip about what took place under your own windows ; but as Isaiah, in the visions of prophecy, beheld the concourse from all quarters of the earth, the dromedaries from Midian and Ephah, the ships of Tarshish, and the forces of the Gentiles hastening to the rendezvous, so, in sober fact, the most remote and improbable agencies, from the four winds under heaven, are hurrying through the air and over the sea, to deliver their separate tidings in that small sheet of paper which you now hold in your hand.

CENTENNIAL HYMN

JOHN G. WHITTIER

OUR fathers' God ; from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, when of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine,
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun ;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war-flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good will ;
And, freighted with love's golden fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues, strong to save;
The honor, proof to place or gold;
The manhood, never bought or sold.

O, make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gifts of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old !

ONE BY ONE

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee —
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given —
Ready, too, to let them go.

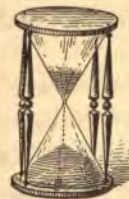
One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armèd band ;
One will fade as others greet thee —
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow ;
See how small each moment's pain ;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond ;
Nor, thy daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven ; but, one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.



THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG

CHARLES LAMB

Charles Lamb was born in London in 1775. He was a nervous, timid boy and had an impediment in his speech. He devoted his life to an older sister, who during temporary insanity killed her mother. He was both poet and essayist, but noted chiefly for his prose writings. Among the more noted of his essays are "Dream Children," "Praise of Chimney Sweeps," "Mrs. Battle on Whist," and "Roast Pig." He died in 1834.



LAMB

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother,) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some

sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with a cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it,) which was of much more importance, a fine litter of newborn pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? — Not from the burned cottage — he had smelt that smell before ; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — crackling. Again he felt and fumbled at the

pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelled so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what — what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burned pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burned pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending

it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat, the burned pig, father, only taste — O Lord !" — with such like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the nighttime. So often as the sow had young pigs, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze ; Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and the father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was

given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burned pig, of which the culprit stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present, — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burned, as they call it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I for-

get in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in Roast Pig.

HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE

JEAN INGELOW

Jean Ingelow, an English poet and novelist, was born in 1830 and died in 1897. Among her collection of poems are "Home Thoughts and Home Scenes," and "Mopsa the Fairy." Her best novel is "Fated to be Free." Her poems give evidence of a melancholy disposition.

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
 The ringers ran by two, by three;
 "Pull ! if ye never pulled before;
 Good ringers, pull your best !" quoth hee.
 "Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !
 Play all your changes, all your swells !
 Play uppe ' The Brides of Enderby ' " !

Men say it was a stolen tyde —
 The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
 But in myne ears doth still abide
 The message that the bells let fall;

And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied,
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and span within the doore;
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And, dark against day's golden death,
She moved where Lindis wandereth —
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick¹ groweth,
Faintly came her milking song.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow!
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow!
Come uppe, Whitefoot! Come uppe, Lightfoot!
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow!
Come uppe, Jetty! Rise and follow:
From the clovers lift your head!

¹ *Melick*: A kind of grass.

Come uppe, Whitefoot ! Come uppe, Lightfoot !
Come uppe, Jetty ! Rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed !”

If it be long — ay, long ago —
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharp and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee,)
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where, full fyve good miles away,
The steeple towered from out the greene,
And lo, the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the countryside,
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds, where their sedges are,
Moved on in sunset's golden breath;
The shepherde-lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till, floating o'er the grassy sea,
Came downe that kyndly message free,
“The Brides of Mavis Enderby.”

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows :

They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea,
They ring the tune of Enderby?"

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down —
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby?'"

I looked without, and lo, my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again:
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall*(he cryed) is downe!
The rising tide comes on apace;
And boats, adrift in yonder towne,
Go sailing uppe the marketplace!"
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he sayth:
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play,
Afar I heard her milking song."

He looked across the grassy sea,
 To right, to left: "Ho, Enderby!"
 They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
 For lo, along the river's bed
 A mighty eygre reared his crest,
 And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
 It swept with thunderous noises loud —
 Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
 Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,
 Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
 Then madly at the eygre's breast
 Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
 Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout —
 Then beaten foam flew round about —
 Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast, the eygre drave,
 The heart had hardly time to beat
 Before a shallow seething wave
 Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
 The feet had hardly time to flee
 Before it brake against the knee —
 And all the world was in the sea!

Upon the roofe we sate that night;
 The noise of bells went sweeping by;
 I marked the lofty beacon light
 Stream from the church tower, red and high —

A lurid mark, and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide,
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed,
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beaçon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! My love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare.
The waters laid thee at his doore
Ere yet the early dawn was clear:
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe-drifted to thy dwelling-place!

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea—
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and mee:
But each will mourn his own (she sayth,)
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling
Ere the early dewes be falling;

I shall never hear her song,
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along,
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Goeth, floweth,
 From the meads where melick groweth,
 When the water, winding down,
 Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more,
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver,
 Stand beside the sobbing river —
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
 To the sandy lonesome shore;
 I shall never hear her calling,

"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow!
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow!
 Come uppe, Whitefoot! Come uppe, Lightfoot!
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow!
 Come uppe, Lightfoot! Rise and follow,
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot:
 From your clovers lift the head!
 Come uppe, Jetty! Follow, follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed!"



CONCORD AND LEXINGTON

From "The American Revolution"

JOHN FISKE

WHEN Pitcairn reached Lexington, just as the rising sun was casting long shadows across the village green, he found himself confronted by some fifty minutemen under command of Captain John Parker,—grandfather of Theodore Parker,—a hardy veteran, who, fifteen years before, had climbed the Heights of Abraham by the side of Wolfe. "Stand your ground," said Parker. "Don't fire unless fired upon; but if they mean to have a war, let it begin here."



NORTH BRIDGE, CONCORD

"Disperse, ye villains!" shouted Pitcairn. "Damn you, why don't you disperse?" And as they stood motionless, he gave the order to fire. As the soldiers hesitated to obey, he discharged his own pistol and repeated the order, whereupon a deadly volley slew eight of the minutemen and wounded ten. One of the victims, Jonathan Harrington, was just able to stagger across the green to his own house (which is still there,) and to die in the arms of his wife, who was standing at the door.

At this moment the head of Smith's own column seems to have come into sight, far down the road. The minute-

men had begun to return the fire when Parker, seeing the folly of resistance, ordered them to retire. While this was going on, Adams and Hancock were walking across the fields toward Woburn; and as the crackle of distant musketry reached their ears, the eager Adams — his soul aglow with the prophecy of the coming deliverance of his country — exclaimed, "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" From Woburn the two friends went on their way to Philadelphia, where the second Continental Congress was about to assemble.

Some precious minutes had been lost by the British at Lexington, and it soon became clear that the day was to be one in which minutes could ill be spared. By the time they reached Concord, about seven o'clock, the greater part of the stores had been effectually hidden, and minutemen were rapidly gathering from all quarters.

After posting small forces to guard the bridges, the troops set fire to the courthouse, cut down the liberty-pole, disabled a few cannon, staved in a few barrels of flour, and hunted unsuccessfully for arms and ammunition, until an unexpected incident put a stop to their proceedings. When the force of minutemen, watching events from the hill beyond the river, had become increased to more than 400, they suddenly advanced upon the North Bridge, which was held by 200 regulars. After receiving and returning the British fire, the militia, led by Major Buttrick, charged across the narrow bridge, overcame the regulars by dint of weight and numbers, and drove them back past the Old Manse into the village. They did not follow up the attack; but rested on their arms, wondering, perhaps, at what they had already ac-

complished, while their numbers were from moment to moment increased by the minutemen from the neighboring villages.

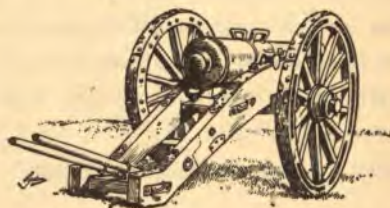
A little before noon, though none of the objects of the expedition had been accomplished, Colonel Smith began to realize the danger of his position, and started on his retreat to Boston. His men were in no mood for fight. They had marched eighteen miles, and had eaten little or nothing for fourteen hours. But now, while companies of militia hovered upon both their flanks, every clump of trees and every bit of rising ground by the roadside gave shelter to hostile yeomen, whose aim was true and deadly. Straggling combats ensued from time to time, and the retreating British left nothing undone which brave men could do; but the incessant, galling fire at length threw them into confusion. Leaving their wounded scattered along the road, they had already passed the village green of Lexington in disorderly flight, when they were saved by Lord Percy, who had marched out over Boston Neck and through Cambridge to their assistance, with 1200 men and two field pieces. Forming his men into a hollow square, Percy inclosed the fugitives, who, in dire exhaustion, threw themselves upon the ground, — "their tongues hanging out of their mouths," says Colonel Stedman, "like those of dogs after a chase." Many had thrown away their muskets, and Pitcairn had lost his horse, with the elegant pistols which fired the first shots of the War of Independence, and which may be seen to-day, along with other trophies, in the town library of Lexington.

Percy's timely arrival checked the pursuit for an hour,

and gave the starved and weary men a chance for food and rest. A few houses were pillaged and set on fire, but at three o'clock General Heath and Dr. Warren arrived on the scene and took command of the militia, and the irregular fight was renewed. When Percy reached Menotomy (now Arlington,) seven miles from Boston, his passage was disputed by a fresh force of militia, while pursuers pressed hard on his rear, and it was only after an obstinate fight that he succeeded in forcing his way. The roadside now fairly swarmed with marksmen, insomuch that, as one of the British officers observed, "they seemed to have dropped from the clouds."

It became impossible to keep order or to carry away the wounded; and when, at sunset, the troops entered Charlestown, under the welcome shelter of the fleet, it was upon the full run. They were not a moment too soon, for Colonel Timothy Pickering, with 700 Essex militia, on the way to intercept them, had already reached Winter Hill; and had their road been blocked by this fresh force, they must in all probability have surrendered.

On this eventful day the British lost 273 of their number, while the Americans lost 93. The expedition had been a failure, the whole British force had barely escaped capture, and it had been shown that the people could not be frightened into submission.



DAYBREAK

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

DAY had awakened all things that be,
The lark, and the thrush, and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song, and the mower's scythe,
And the matin bell, and the mountain bee :
Fireflies were quenched on the dewy corn,
Glowworms went out, on the river's brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim:
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill :
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer's gun,
Night's dreams and terrors, every one,
Fled from the brains which are its prey,
From the lamp's death to the morning ray.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS

THOMAS HUGHES

Thomas Hughes was born in England in 1823, and died in 1896. His "Tom Brown at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford" made him immensely popular. Aside from these books, he wrote a great deal, largely in favor of a form of socialism. Among his most popular books, beside those already mentioned, are "Our Old Church — What shall we do with it?" and "Rugby," an account of a coöperative colony, attempted in this country, in Tennessee. He also wrote "The Manliness of Christ," a strong and very original work. The following extracts from "Tom Brown's School Days," though very far from giving you a complete story, will give you an excellent idea of the character of the work. You will certainly read it in a complete form. While it may not rank high as literature, it is a book that will do you good to read



RUGBY

AWAY TO SCHOOL

"AND now, Tom, my boy," said the squire, "remember, you are going, at your own earnest request, to be chucked into this great school (like a young bear, with all your troubles before you) earlier than we should have sent you, perhaps. If schools are what they were in my time, you'll see a great many cruel blackguard things done, and hear a deal of foul, bad talk. But never fear. You tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen to or say anything you wouldn't have your mother and sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or we to see you."

The allusion to his mother made Tom feel rather choky, and he would have liked to have hugged his father well, if it hadn't been for the recent stipulation.

As it was, he only squeezed his father's hand, and looked bravely up, and said, "I'll try, father."

"I know you will, my boy. Is your money all safe?"

"Yes," said Tom, diving into one pocket to make sure.

"And your keys?" said the squire.

"All right," said Tom, diving into the other pocket to make sure.

"Well, then, good night. God bless you! I'll tell Boots to call you, and be up to see you off."

At ten minutes to three he was down in the coffee room in his stockings, carrying his hatbox, coat, and comforter in his hand; and there he found his father nursing a bright fire, and a cup of hot coffee and a hard biscuit on the table.

"Now then, Tom, give us your things here, and drink this; there's nothing like starting warm, old fellow."

Tom addressed himself to the coffee, and prattled away while he worked himself into his shoes and his greatcoat well warmed through,—a Petersham coat with velvet collar, made tight, after the abominable fashion of those days. And just as he was swallowing his last mouthful, winding his comforter round his throat, and tucking the ends into the breast of his coat, the horn sounds, Boots looks in and says, "Tallyho, sir;" and they hear the ring and the rattle of the four fast trotters and the town-made drag as it dashes up to the Peacock.

"Anything for us, Bob?" says the burly guard, dropping down from behind, and slapping himself across the chest.

"Young genl'm'n, Rugby; three parcels, Leicester; hamper o' game, Rugby," answers Hostler.

"Tell young gent to look alive," says Guard, opening the hind boot and shooting in the parcels after examining them by the lamps. "Here, shove the portmanteau up atop; I'll fasten him presently. Now then, sir, jump up behind."

"Good-by, father, — my love at home." A last shake of the hand. Up goes Tom, the guard catching his hatbox and holding on with one hand, while with the other he claps the horn to his mouth. Toot, toot, toot! The hostlers let go their heads, the four bays plunge at the collar, and away goes the tallyho into the darkness, forty-five seconds from the time they pulled up; hostler, Boots, and the squire stand looking after them under the Peacock lamp.

AT RUGBY

"And so here's Rugby, sir, at last, and you'll be in plenty of time for dinner at the Schoolhouse, as I tell'd you," said the old guard, pulling his horn out of its case, and tootle-tooing away; while the coachman shook up his horses and carried them along the side of the school close, round Dead-man's Corner, past the school gates, and down the High Street to the Spread Eagle; the wheelers in a spanking trot, and leaders cantering in a style which would not have disgraced "Cherry Bob," ramping, stamping, tearing, swearing, "Billy Harwood," or any other of the old coaching heroes.

Tom's heart beat quickly as he passed the great school field, or close, with its noble elms, in which several games at football were going on, and tried to take in at once the long line of gray buildings, beginning with the chapel, and ending with the Schoolhouse, the residence of the head master, where the great flag was lazily waving from the highest round tower. And he began already to be proud of being a Rugby boy, as he passed the school gates, with the oriel window above, and saw the boys standing there,

looking as if the town belonged to them, and nodding in a familiar manner to the coachman, as if any one of them would be quite equal to getting on the box and working the team down street as well as he.

One of the young heroes, however, ran out from the rest, and scrambled up behind; where, having righted himself and nodded to the guard with "How do, Jem?" he turned short round to Tom, and, after looking him over for a minute began —

"I say, you fellow, is your name Brown?"

"Yes," said Tom, in considerable astonishment; glad, however, to have lighted on some one already who seemed to know him.

"Ah, I thought so; you know my old aunt, Miss East; she lives somewhere down your way in Berkshire. She wrote to me that you were coming to-day, and asked me to give you a lift."

Tom was somewhat inclined to resent the patronizing air of his new friend, — a boy of just about his own height and age, but gifted with the most transcendent coolness and assurance, which Tom felt to be aggravating and hard to bear, but couldn't for the life of him help admiring and envying — especially when young my-lord begins hectoring two or three long, loafing fellows, half porter, half stableman, with a strong touch of the blackguard, and in the end arranges with one of them, nicknamed Cooley, to carry Tom's luggage up to the Schoolhouse for sixpence.

"And hark'ee, Cooley, it must be up in ten minutes, or no more jobs for me. Come along, Brown." And away swaggers the young potentate, with his hands in his pockets, and Tom at his side.

"All right, sir," says Cooley, touching his hat, with a leer and a wink at his companions.

"Hullo, though," says East, pulling up, and taking another look at Tom, "this'll never do — haven't you got a hat? We never wear caps here. Only the louts wear caps. Bless you, if you were to go into the quadrangle with that thing on, I — don't know what'd happen." The very idea was quite beyond young Master East, and he looked unutterable things.

Tom thought his cap a very knowing affair, but confessed that he had a hat in his hatbox; which was accordingly at once extracted from the hind boot, and Tom equipped in his go-to-meeting roof, as his new friend called it. But this didn't quite suit his fastidious taste in another minute, being too shiny; so, as they walk up the town, they dive into Nixon's, the hatter's, and Tom is arrayed, to his utter astonishment, and without paying for it, in a regulation catskin at seven and sixpence, Nixon undertaking to send the best hat up to the matron's room, Schoolhouse, in half an hour.

"You can send us a note for a tile on Monday, and make it all right, you know," said Mentor; "we're allowed two seven-and-sixers a half, besides what we bring from home."

Tom by this time began to be conscious of his new social position and dignities, and to luxuriate in the realized ambition of being a public-school boy at last, with a vested right of spoiling two seven-and-sixers in half a year.

"You see," said his friend, as they strolled up towards the school gates, in explanation of his conduct — "a great

deal depends on how a fellow cuts up at first. If he's got nothing odd about him, and answers straightforward and holds his head up, he gets on. Now you'll do very well as to rig, all but that cap. You see, I'm doing the handsome thing by you, because my father knows yours; besides, I want to please the old lady. She gave me half a sov. this half, and perhaps'll double it next, if I keep in her good books."

There's nothing for candor like a lower-school boy; and East was a genuine specimen — frank, hearty, and good-natured, well satisfied with himself and his position, and chock-full of life and spirits, and all the Rugby prejudices and traditions which he had been able to get together, in the long course of one half-year, during which he had been at the Schoolhouse.

And Tom, notwithstanding his bumptiousness, felt friends with him at once, and began sucking in all his ways and prejudices, as fast as he could understand them.

Tom followed his guide through the Schoolhouse hall which opens into the quadrangle. It is a great room thirty feet long and eighteen high, or thereabouts, with two great tables running the whole length, and two large fireplaces at the side, with blazing fires in them, at one of which some dozen boys were standing and lounging, some of whom shouted to East to stop; but he shot through with his convoy, and landed him in the long, dark passages, with a large fire at the end of each, upon which the studies opened. Into one of these, in the bottom passage, East bolted with our hero, slamming and bolting the door behind them, in case of pursuit from the hall, and Tom was for the first time in a Rugby boy's citadel.

He hadn't been prepared for separate studies, and was not a little astonished and delighted with the place in question.

It wasn't very large certainly, being about six feet long by four broad. It couldn't be called light, as there were bars and a grating to the window; which little precautions were necessary in the studies on the ground floor looking out into the close, to prevent the exit of small boys after locking-up, and the entrance of contraband articles. But it was uncommonly comfortable to look at, Tom thought.

"And shall I have a study like this, too?" said Tom.

"Yes, of course, you'll be chummed with some fellow on Monday, and you can sit here till then."

"What nice places!"

"They're well enough," answered East, patronizingly, "only uncommon cold at night sometimes. Gower (that's my chum) and I make a fire with paper on the floor after supper generally, only that makes it so smoky."

"But there's a big fire out in the passage," said Tom.

"Precious little good we get out of that, though," said East; "Jones the prepositor¹ has the study at the fire end, and he has rigged up an iron rod and green baize curtain across the passage, which he draws at night, and sits there with his door open, so he gets all the fire, and hears if we come out of our studies after eight, or make a noise. However, he's taken to sitting in the fifth-form room lately, so we do get a bit of fire now sometimes; only keep a sharp lookout that he don't catch you behind his curtain when he comes down — that's all."

¹ *Prepositor*: A monitor.

As soon as dinner was over, and Tom had been questioned by such of his neighbors as were curious as to his birth, parentage, education, and other like matters, East, who evidently enjoyed his new dignity of patron and mentor, proposed having a look at the close, which Tom, athirst for knowledge, gladly assented to, and they went out through the quadrangle and past the big fives' court, into the great playground.

"That's the chapel, you see," said East, "and there just behind it is the place for fights. You see, it's most out of the way of the masters, who all live on the other side, and don't come by here after first lesson or calling-over. That's when the fights come off. And all this part where we are is the little side ground, right up to the trees, and on the other side of the trees is the big side ground, where the great matches are played. And there's the island in the farthest corner; you'll know that well enough next half, when there's island fagging. I say, it's horrid cold; let's have a run across," and away went East, Tom close behind him. East was evidently putting his best foot foremost, and Tom, who was mighty proud of his running, and not a little anxious to show his friend that, although a new boy, he was no milksop, laid himself down to the work in his very best style. Right across the close they went, each doing all he knew, and there wasn't a yard between them when they pulled up at the island moat.

"I say," said East, as soon as he got his wind, looking with much-increased respect at Tom, "you ain't a bad scud, not by no means. Well, I'm as warm as a toast now."

HARE AND HOUNDS

The only incident worth recording here, however, was his first run at Hare and Hounds. On the last Tuesday but one of the half-year, he was passing through the Hall after dinner, when he was hailed with shouts from Tadpole and several other fags, seated at one of the long tables, the chorus of which was, "Come and help us tear up scent."

Tom approached the table, in obedience to the mysterious summons, always ready to help, and found the party engaged in tearing up old newspapers, copybooks, and magazines into small pieces, with which they were filling four large canvas bags.

"It's the turn of our house to find scent for big-side Hare and Hounds," exclaimed Tadpole; "tear away; there's no time to lose before calling-over."

"I think it's a great shame," said another small boy, "to have such a hard run for the last day."

"Which run is it?" said Tadpole.

"Oh, the Barby run, I hear," answered the other; "nine miles at least, and hard ground. No chance of getting in at the finish, unless you're a first-rate scud."

"Well, I'm going to have a try," said Tadpole. "It's the last run of the half, and if a fellow gets in at the end, big-side stands ale and bread and cheese, and a bowl of punch; and the Cock's such a famous place for ale."

"I should like to try too," said Tom.

"Well, then, leave your waistcoat behind, and listen at the door after calling-over, and you'll hear where the meet is."

After calling-over, sure enough, there were two boys at the door, calling out, "Big-side Hare and Hounds meet at White Hall ;" and Tom, having girded himself with a leather strap, and left all superfluous clothing behind, set off for White Hall, an old gable-ended house some quarter of a mile from town, with East, whom he had persuaded to join, notwithstanding his prophecy that they could never get in, as it was the hardest run of the year.

At the meet they found some forty or fifty boys, and Tom felt sure, from having seen many of them run at football, that he and East were more likely to get in than they.

After a few minutes' waiting, two well known runners, chosen for the hares, buckled on the four bags filled with scent, compared their watches with those of young Brooke and Thorne, and started off at a long slinging trot across the fields in the direction of Barby.

Then the hounds clustered round Thorne, who explained shortly, "They're to have six minutes' law. We run into the Cock, and every one who comes in within a quarter of an hour of the hares'll be counted if he has been round Barby church." Then came a minute's pause or so, and then the watches are pocketed, and the pack is led through the gateway into the field which the hares had first crossed. Here they break into a trot, scattering over the field to find the first traces of the scent which the hares throw out as they go along. The old hounds make straight for the likely points, and in a minute a cry of "forward" comes from one of them, and the whole pack, quickening their pace, make for the spot, while the boy who hit the scent first, and the two or three nearest to him, are over the

first fence, and making play along the hedgerow in the long grass field beyond. The rest of the pack rush at the gap already made, and scramble through, jostling one another. "Forward" again, before they are half through. The pace quickens into a sharp run, the tail hounds all straining to get up with the lucky leaders. They are gallant hares, and the scent lies thick right across another meadow and into a plowed field, where the pace begins to tell, and then over a good wattle with a ditch on the other side, and down a large pasture studded with old thorns, which slopes down to the first brook; the great Leicestershire sheep charge away across the field as the pack comes racing down the slope. The brook is a small one, and the scent lies right ahead up the opposite slope, and as thick as ever; not a turn or a check to favor the tail hounds, who strain on, now trailing in a long line, many a youngster beginning to drag his legs heavily, and feel his heart beat like a hammer, and the bad-plucked ones thinking that, after all, it isn't worth while to keep it up.

Tom, East, and the Tadpole had a good start, and are well up for such young hands, and after rising the slope and crossing the next field, find themselves up with the leading hounds, who have overrun the scent and are trying back; they have come a mile and a half in about eleven minutes, a pace which shows that it is the last day. About twenty-five of the original starters only show here, the rest having already given in; the leaders are busy making casts into the fields on the left and right, and the others get their second winds.

Then comes the cry of "forward" again, from young

Brooke, from the extreme left, and the pack settles down to work again steadily and doggedly, the whole keeping pretty well together. The scent, though still good, is not so thick; there is no need of that, for in this part of the run every one knows the line which must be taken, and so there are no casts to be made, but good downright running and fencing to be done. All who are now up mean coming in, and they come to the foot of Barby Hill without losing more than two or three more of the pack. This last straight two miles and a half is always a vantage ground for the hounds, and the hares know it well. They are generally viewed on the side of Barby Hill, and all eyes are on the lookout for them to-day; but not a sign of them appears, so now will be the hard work for the hounds, and there is nothing for it but to cast about for the scent, for it is now the hares' turn, and they may baffle the pack dreadfully in the next two miles.

Ill fares it now with our youngsters that they are Schoolhouse boys, and so follow young Brooke; for he takes the wide casts round to the left, conscious of his own powers, and loving the hard work. For if you would consider for a moment, you small boys, you would remember that the Cock, where the run ends, and the good ale will be going, lies far out to the right on the Dunchurch road, so that every cast you take to the left is so much extra work; and at this stage of the run, when the evening is closing in already, no one remarks whether you run a little cunning or not, so you should stick to those crafty hounds who keep edging away to the right, and not follow a prodigal like young Brooke, whose legs are twice as long as yours, and of cast iron, wholly indif-

ferent to two or three miles, more or less. However, they struggle after him, sobbing and plunging along, Tom and East pretty close, and Tadpole, whose big head begins to pull him down, some thirty yards behind.

Now comes a brook, with stiff, clay banks, from which they can hardly drag their legs, and they hear faint cries for help from the wretched Tadpole, who has fairly stuck fast. But they have too little run left in themselves to pull up for their own brothers. Three fields more, and another check, and then "forward" called away to the extreme right.

The two boys' souls die within them; they can never do it. Young Brooke thinks so too, and says kindly, "You'll cross a lane after next field; keep down it, and you'll hit the Dunchurch road below the Cock," and then steams away for the run in, in which he's sure to be first, as if he were just starting. They struggle on across the next field, the "forwards" getting fainter and fainter, and then ceasing. The whole hunt is out of earshot, and all hope of coming in is over.

"Hang it all!" broke out East, as soon as he had got wind enough, pulling off his hat and mopping at his face, all spattered with dirt and lined with sweat, from which went up a thick steam into the still, cold air. "I told you how it would be. What a thick I was to come! Here we are dead beat, and yet I know we're close to the run in, if we knew the country."

"Well," said Tom, mopping away, and gulping down his disappointment, "it can't be helped. We did our best, anyhow. Hadn't we better find this lane, and go down it, as young Brooke told us?"

"I suppose so — nothing else for it," grunted East. "If ever I go out last day again," growl — growl — growl.

So they tried back slowly and sorrowfully, and found the lane, and went limping down it, plashing in the cold, puddly ruts, and beginning to feel how the run had taken it out of them. The evening closed in fast, and clouded over, dark, cold, and dreary.

"I say, it must be locking-up, I should think," remarked East, breaking the silence, "it's so dark."

"What if we're late?" said Tom.

"No tea, and sent up to the Doctor," answered East.

The thought didn't add to their cheerfulness. Presently a faint halloo was heard from an adjoining field. They answered it and stopped, hoping for some competent rustic to guide them, when over a gate some twenty yards ahead crawled the wretched Tadpole in a state of collapse; he had lost a shoe in the brook, and been groping after it up to his elbows in the stiff, wet clay, and a more miserable creature in the shape of a boy seldom has been seen.

The sight of him, notwithstanding, cheered them, for he was some degrees more wretched than they. They also cheered him, as he was now no longer under the dread of passing his night alone in the fields. And so, in better heart, the three plashed painfully down the never ending lane. At last it widened, just as utter darkness set in, and they came out on to a turnpike road, and there paused, bewildered; for they had lost all bearings, and knew not whether to turn to the right or left.

Luckily for them, they had not to decide, for lumbering along the road, with one lamp lighted, and two spavined horses in the shafts, came a heavy coach, which after a

moment's suspense they recognized as the Oxford coach, the redoubtable Pig and Whistle.

It lumbered slowly up; and the boys, mustering their last run, caught it as it passed, and began scrambling up behind, in which exploit East missed his footing and fell flat on his nose along the road. Then the others hailed the old scarecrow of a coachman, who pulled up, and agreed to take them in for a shilling; so there they sat on the back seat, drubbing with their heels, and their teeth chattering with cold, and jogged into Rugby some forty minutes after locking-up.

Five minutes afterwards, three small, limping, shivering figures steal along through the Doctor's garden and into the house by the servants' entrance (all the other gates have been closed long since,) where the first thing they light upon in the passage is old Thomas, ambling along, candle in one hand and keys in the other.

He stops and examines their condition with a grim smile. "Ah, East, Hall, and Brown, late for locking-up. Must go up to the Doctor's study at once."

"Well, but, Thomas, mayn't we go and wash first? You can put down the time, you know."

"Doctor's study d'rec'ly you come in — that's the orders," replied old Thomas, motioning towards the stairs at the end of the passage which led up into the Doctor's house; and the boys turned ruefully down it, not cheered by the old verger's muttered remark, "What a pickle they boys be in!" Thomas referred to their faces and habiliments, but they construed it as indicating the Doctor's state of mind. Upon the short flight of stairs they paused to hold counsel.

"Who'll go in first?" inquires Tadpole.

"You; you're the senior," answered East.

"Catch me! Look at the state I'm in," rejoined Hall, showing the arms of his jacket. "I must get behind you two."

"Well, but look at me," said East, indicating the mass of clay behind which he was standing. "I'm worse than you, two to one; you might grow cabbages on my trousers."

"That's all down below, and you can keep your legs behind the sofa," said Hall.

"Here, Brown, you're the show figure; you must lead."

"But my face is all muddy," argued Tom.

"Oh, we're all in one boat, for that matter; but come on, we're only making it worse, dawdling here."

"Well, just give us a brush then," said Tom; and they began trying to rub off the superfluous dirt from each other's jackets. But it was not dry enough, and the rubbing made it worse; so in despair they pushed through the swing door at the head of the stairs, and found themselves in the Doctor's hall.

"That's the library door," said East in a whisper, pushing Tom forwards. The sound of merry voices and laughing came from within, and his first hesitating knock was unanswered; but at the second the Doctor's voice said, "Come in," and Tom turned the handle, and he, with the others behind him, sidled into the room.

The Doctor looked up from his task; he was working away with a great chisel at the bottom of a boy's sailing boat, the lines of which he was no doubt fashioning on the model of one of Nicias's galleys. Round him stood three or four children; the candles burned brightly on a

large table, at the farther end covered with books and papers, and a great fire threw a ruddy glow over the rest of the room. All looked so kindly and homely and comfortable that the boys took heart in a moment, and Tom advanced from behind the shelter of the great sofa. The Doctor nodded to the children, who went out, casting curious and amused glances at the three young scarecrows.

"Well, my little fellows," began the Doctor, drawing himself up with his back to the fire, the chisel in one hand and his coat tails in the other, and his eyes twinkling as he looked them over, "what makes you so late?"

"Please, sir, we've been out big-side Hare and Hounds and lost our way."

"Hah! You couldn't keep up, I suppose?"

"Well, sir," said East, stepping out, and not liking that the Doctor should think lightly of his running powers, "we got round Barby all right, but then —"

"Why, what a state you're in, my boy!" interrupted the Doctor, as the pitiful condition of East's garments was fully revealed to him.

"That's the fall I got, sir, in the road," said East, looking down at himself; "the Old Pig came by —"

"The what?" said the Doctor.

"The Oxford coach, sir," explained Hall.

"Hah, yes, the Regulator," said the Doctor.

"— and I tumbled on my face trying to get up behind," went on East.

"You're not hurt, I hope?" said the Doctor.

"Oh, no, sir."

"Well now, run upstairs, all three of you, and get

clean things on, and then tell the housekeeper to give you some tea. You're too young to try such long runs. Let Warner know I've seen you. Good night."

"Good night, sir." And away scuttled the three boys in high glee.

"What a brick, not to give us even twenty lines to learn!" said the Tadpole, as they reached their bedroom; and in half an hour afterwards they were sitting by the fire in the housekeeper's room at a sumptuous tea, with cold meat, "twice as good a grub as we should have got in the hall," as the Tadpole remarked with a grin, his mouth full of buttered toast. All their grievances were forgotten, and they were resolving to go out the first big-side next half, and thinking Hare and Hounds the most delightful of games.

THE KEEPER

The river Avon at Rugby is a slow and not very clear stream, in which chub, dace, roach, and other coarse fish are (or were) plentiful enough, together with a fair sprinkling of small jack, but no fish worth sixpence either for sport or food. It is, however, a capital river for bathing, as it has many nice small pools and several good reaches for swimming, all within about a mile of one another, and at an easy twenty minutes' walk from the school. This mile of water is rented, or used to be rented, for bathing purposes, by the Trustees of the School, for the boys. The footpath to Brownsover crosses the river by "the Planks," a curious old single-plank bridge, running for fifty or sixty yards into the flat meadows on each side of the river,—for in the winter

there are frequent floods. Above the Planks were the bathing places for the smaller boys; Sleath's, the first bathing place where all new boys had to begin, until they had proved to the bathing men (three steady individuals who were paid to attend daily through the summer to prevent accidents) that they could swim pretty decently, when they were allowed to go on to Anstey's, about one hundred and fifty yards below. Here there was a hole about six feet deep and twelve feet across, over which the puffing urchins struggled to the opposite side, and thought no small beer of themselves for having been out of their depths. Below the Planks came larger and deeper holes, the first of which was Wratishlaw's, and the last Swift's, a famous hole ten or twelve feet deep in parts, and thirty yards across, from which there was a fine swimming reach right down to the Mill. Swift's was reserved for the sixth and fifth forms, and had a springboard and two sets of steps; the others had one set of steps each, and were used indifferently by all the lower boys, though each house addicted itself more to one hole than another. The Schoolhouse at this time affected Wratishlaw's hole, and Tom and East, who had learned to swim like fishes, were to be found there as regular as the clock through the summer, always twice, and often three times a day.

Now the boys either had, or fancied they had, a right also to fish at their pleasure over the whole of this part of the river, and would not understand that the right (if any) only extended to the Rugby side. As ill luck would have it, the gentleman who owned the opposite bank, after allowing it for some time without interference, had ordered his keepers not to let the boys fish on his side; the conse-

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quence of which had been that there had been first wranglings and then fights between the keepers and the boys; and so keen had the quarrel become that the landlord and his keepers, after a ducking had been inflicted on one of the latter, and a fierce fight ensued thereon, had been up to the great School at calling-over to identify the delinquents, and it was all the Doctor himself and five or six masters could do to keep the peace. Not even his authority could prevent the hissing; and so strong was the feeling that the four prepositors of the week walked up to the School with their canes, shouting S-s-s-i-lenc-c-c-c-e at the top of their voices. However, the chief offenders for the time were flogged and kept in bounds, but the victorious party had brought a nice hornets' nest about their ears. The landlord was hissed at the School gates as he rode past, and when he charged his horse at the mob of boys, and tried to thrash them with his whip, was driven back by cricket bats and wickets, and pursued with pebbles and fives' balls; while the wretched keepers' lives were a burden to them from having to watch the waters so closely.

The Schoolhouse boys of Tom's standing one and all, as a protest against this tyranny and cutting short of their lawful amusements, took to fishing in all ways, and especially by means of night lines. The little tackle maker at the bottom of the town would soon have made his fortune had the rage lasted, and several of the barbers began to lay in fishing tackle. The boys had this great advantage over their enemies, that they spent a large portion of the day in nature's garb by the riverside, and so, when tired of swimming, would get out on the other side

and fish, or set night lines till the keeper hove in sight, and then plunge in and swim back and mix with the other bathers, and the keepers were too wise to follow across the stream.

While things were in this state, one day Tom and three or four others were bathing at Wratislaw's, and had, as a matter of course, been taking up and resetting night lines. They had all left the water and were sitting or standing about at their toilets, in all costumes, from a shirt upwards, when they were aware of a man in a velveteen shooting coat approaching from the other side. He was a new keeper, so they didn't recognize or notice him, till he pulled up right opposite, and began —

“I see'd some of you young gentlemen over this side fishing just now.”

“Hullo, who are you? What business is that of yours, old Velveteens?”

“I'm the new underkeeper, and master's told me to keep a sharp lookout on all o' you young chaps. And I tells 'ee I means business, and you'd better keep on your own side, or we shall fall out.”

“Well, that's right, Velveteens — speak out and let's know your mind at once.”

“Look here, old boy,” said East, holding up a miserable coarse fish or two and a small jack, “would you like to smell 'em, and see which bank they lived under?”

“I'll give you a bit of advice, keeper,” shouted Tom, who was sitting in his shirt, paddling with his feet in the river; “you'd better go down there to Swift's, where the big boys are. They're beggars at setting lines, and'll put you up to a wrinkle or two for catching

the five-pounders." Tom was nearest to the keeper, and that officer, who was getting angry at the chaff, fixed his eyes on our hero, as if to take a note of him for future use. Tom returned his gaze with a steady stare, and then broke into a laugh, and struck into the middle of a favorite Schoolhouse song:—

"As I and my companions
Were setting of a snare,
The gamekeeper was watching us,
For him we did not care:
For we can wrestle and fight, my boys,
And jump out anywhere.
For it's my delight of a likely night,
In the season of the year."

The chorus was taken up by the other boys with shouts of laughter, and the keeper turned away with a grunt, but evidently bent on mischief. The boys thought no more of the matter.

But now came on the May fly season. The soft, hazy summer weather lay sleepily along the rich meadows by Avon side, and the green and gray flies flickered with their graceful, lazy, up-and-down flight over the reeds and the water and the meadows, in myriads upon myriads. The May flies must surely be the lotus eaters of the *Ephemera*—the happiest, laziest, carelessst fly that dances and dreams out his few hours of sunshiny life by English rivers.

Every little, pitiful, coarse fish in the Avon was on the alert for the flies, and gorging his wretched carcass with hundreds daily, the gluttonous rogues! And every lover of the gentle craft was out to avenge the poor May flies.

So one fine Thursday afternoon, Tom, having bor-

rowed East's new rod, started by himself to the river. He fished for some time with small success — not a fish would rise at him; but as he prowled along the bank, he was presently aware of mighty ones feeding in a pool on the opposite side, under the shade of a huge willow tree. The stream was deep here, but some fifty yards below was a shallow, for which he made off hot-foot; and forgetting landlords, keepers, solemn prohibitions of the Doctor, and everything else, pulled up his trousers, plunged across, and in three minutes was creeping along on all fours towards the clump of willows.

It isn't often that great chub, or any other coarse fish, are in earnest about anything, but just then they were thoroughly bent on feeding; and in half an hour Master Tom had deposited three thumping fellows at the foot of the giant willow. As he was baiting for a fourth pounder, and just going to throw in again, he became aware of a man coming up the bank not one hundred yards off. Another look told him that it was the under-keeper. Could he reach the shallow before him? No; not carrying his rod. Nothing for it but the tree; so Tom laid his bones to it, shinning up as fast as he could, and dragging up his rod after him. He had just time to reach and crouch along upon a huge branch some ten feet up, which stretched out over the river, when the keeper arrived at the clump. Tom's heart beat fast as he came under the tree. Two steps more and he would have passed, when, as ill luck would have it, the gleam on the scales of the dead fish caught his eye, and he made a dead point at the foot of the tree. He picked up the fish one by one. His eye and touch told him that they had

been alive and feeding within the hour. Tom crouched lower along the branch, and heard the keeper beating the clump. "If I could only get the rod hidden," thought he, and began gently to shift it to get it alongside him. "Willow trees don't throw out straight hickory shoots twelve feet along, with no leaves, worse luck." Alas, the keeper catches the rustle, and then a sight of the rod, and then of Tom's hand and arm.

"Oh, be up ther', be 'ee?" says he, running under the tree. "Now, you come down this minute."

"Treed at last," thinks Tom, making no answer, and keeping as close as possible, but working away at the rod, which he takes to pieces. "I'm in for it, unless I can starve him out." And then he begins to meditate getting along the branch for a plunge and a scramble to the other side; but the small branches are so thick and the opposite bank so difficult that the keeper will have lots of time to get around by the ford before he can get out, so he gives that up. And now he hears the keeper beginning to scramble up the trunk. That will never do; so he scrambles himself back to where his branch joins the trunk, and stands with lifted rod.

"Hullo, Velveteens, mind your fingers if you come any higher."

The keeper stops and looks up, and then, with a grin, says: "Oh! be you, be it, young measter? Well, here's luck. Now I tells 'ee to come down at once, and 't'll be best for 'ee."

"Thank 'ee, Velveteens, I'm very comfortable," said Tom, shortening the rod in his hand, and preparing for battle.

"Werry well, please yourself," says the keeper, descending, however, to the ground again, and taking his seat on the bank. "I bean't in no hurry, so you med take your time. I'll larn 'ee to gee honest folk names afore I've done with 'ee."

"My luck, as usual," thinks Tom. "What a fool I was to give him a black. "If I'd called him 'keeper,' now, I might get off. The return match is all his way."

The keeper quietly proceeded to take out his pipe, fill, and light it, keeping an eye on Tom, who now sat disconsolately across the branch, looking at the keeper—a pitiful sight for men and fishes. The more he thought of it, the less he liked it. "It must be getting near second calling-over," thinks he. Keeper smokes on stolidly. "If he takes me up, I shall be flogged safe enough. I can't sit here all night. Wonder if he'll rise at silver."

"I say, keeper," said he, meekly, "let me go for two bob?"

"Not for twenty, neither," grunts his persecutor.

And so they sat on till long past second calling-over, and the sun came slanting in through the willow branches, and telling of locking-up near at hand.

"I'm coming down, keeper," said Tom at last, with a sigh, fairly tired out. "Now what are you going to do?"

"Walk 'ee up to School, and give 'ee over to the Doctor; them's my orders," says Velveteens, knocking the ashes out of his fourth pipe, and standing up and shaking himself.

"Very good," said Tom; "but hands off, you know. I'll go with you quietly, so no collaring or that sort of thing."

Keeper looked at him a minute — "Weery good," said he at last; and so Tom descended, and wended his way drearily by the side of the keeper up to the Schoolhouse, where they arrived just at locking-up. As they passed the School gates, the Tadpole and several others who were standing there caught the state of things, and rushed out, crying "Rescue!" but Tom shook his head, so they only followed to the Doctor's gate, and went back sorely puzzled.

How changed and stern the Doctor seemed from the last time that Tom was up there, as the keeper told the story, not omitting to state how Tom had called him blackguard names. "Indeed, sir," broke in the culprit, "it was only Velveteens." The Doctor only asked one question.

"You know the rule about the banks, Brown?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then wait for me to-morrow, after first lesson."

"I thought so," muttered Tom.

"And about the rod, sir?" went on the keeper; "Master's told we as we might have all the rods —"

"Oh, please, sir," broke in Tom, "the rod isn't mine." The Doctor looked puzzled, but the keeper, who was a good-hearted fellow, and melted at Tom's evident distress, gave up his claim. Tom was flogged next morning, and in a few days met Velveteens, and presented him with half a crown for giving up the rod claim, and they became sworn friends; and I regret to say that Tom had many more fish from under the willow that May fly season, and was never caught again by Velveteens.

THE NEW BOY

The matron watched Tom for a moment, and saw what was passing in his mind, and so, like a wise negotiator, threw in an appeal to his warm heart. "Poor little fellow," said she in almost a whisper; "his father's dead, and he's got no brothers. And his mamma, such a kind sweet lady, almost broke her heart at leaving him this morning; and she said one of his sisters was like to die of decline, and so —"

"Well, well," burst in Tom, with something like a sigh at the effort, "I suppose I must give up East. Come along, young un. What's your name? We'll go and have some supper, and then I'll show you our study."

"His name's George Arthur," said the matron, walking up to him with Tom, who grasped his little delicate hand as the proper preliminary to making a chum of him, and felt as if he could have blown him away. "I've had his books and things put into the study, which his mamma has had new papered, and the sofa covered, and new green baize curtains over the door" (the diplomatic matron threw this in, to show that the new boy was contributing largely to the partnership comforts). "And Mrs. Arnold told me to say," she added, "that she should like you both to come up to tea with her. You know the way, Master Brown, and the things are just gone up, I know."

Here was an announcement for Master Tom! He was to go up to tea the first night, just as if he were a sixth or fifth form boy, and of importance in the school world, instead of the most reckless young scapegrace amongst the fags. He felt himself lifted on to a higher social and

moral platform at once. Nevertheless, he couldn't give up without a sigh the idea of the jolly supper in the housekeeper's room with East and the rest, and a rush round to all the studies of his friends afterwards, to pour out the deeds and wonders of the holidays, to plot fifty plans for the coming half year, and to gather news of who had left, and what new boys had come, who had got who's study, and where the new prepositors slept. However, Tom consoled himself with thinking that he couldn't have done all this with the new boy at his heels, and so marched off along the passages to the Doctor's private house with his young charge in tow, in monstrous good humor with himself and all the world.

It is needless, and would be impertinent, to tell how the two young boys were received in that drawing-room. The lady who presided there is still living, and has carried with her to her peaceful home in the North the respect and love of all those who ever felt and shared that gentle and high-bred hospitality. Aye, many is the brave heart now doing its work and bearing its load in country curacies, London chambers, under the Indian sun, and in Australian towns and clearings, which looks back with fond and grateful memory to that Schoolhouse drawing-room, and dates much of its highest and best training to the lessons learned there.

Besides Mrs. Arnold and one or two of the elder children, there were one of the younger masters, young Brooke—who was now in the sixth, and had succeeded to his brother's position and influence—and another sixth-form boy there, talking together before the fire. The master and young Brooke, now a great strapping fellow

six feet high, eighteen years old, and powerful as a coal heaver, nodded kindly to Tom, to his intense glory, and then went on talking; the other did not notice them. The hostess, after a few kind words, which led the boys at once and insensibly to feel at their ease, and to begin talking to one another, left them with her own children while she finished a letter. The young ones got on fast and well, Tom holding forth about a prodigious pony he had been riding out hunting, and hearing stories of the winter glories of the lakes, when tea came in, and immediately after the Doctor himself.

How frank, and kind, and manly was his greeting to the party by the fire! It did Tom's heart good to see him and young Brooke shake hands, and look one another in the face; and he didn't fail to remark that Brooke was nearly as tall and quite as broad as the Doctor. And his cup was full, when in another moment his master turned to him with another warm shake of the hand, and, seemingly oblivious of all the late scrapes which he had been getting into, said: "Ah, Brown, you here! I hope you left your father and all well at home?"

"Yes, sir, quite well."

"And this is the little fellow who is to share your study. Well, he doesn't look as we should like to see him. He wants some Rugby air, and cricket. And you must take him some good long walks, to Bilton Grange and Caldecott's Spinny, and show him what a pretty little country we have about here."

Tom wondered if the Doctor knew that his visits to Bilton Grange were for the purpose of taking rooks' nests (a proceeding strongly discountenanced by the owner

thereof,) and those to Caldecott's Spinny were prompted chiefly by the conveniences for setting night lines. What didn't the Doctor know! And what a noble use he always made of it! He almost resolved to abjure rook pies and night lines forever. The tea went merrily off, the Doctor now talking of holiday doings, and then of the prospects of the half year, what chance there was for the Balliol scholarship, whether the eleven would be a good one. Everybody was at his ease, and everybody felt that he, young as he might be, was of some use in the little school world, and had a work to do there.

Soon after tea the Doctor went off to his study, and the young boys a few minutes afterwards took their leave, and went out of the private door which led from the Doctor's house into the middle passage.

At the fire, at the farther end of the passage, was a crowd of boys in loud talk and laughter. There was a sudden pause when the door opened, and then a great shout of greeting, as Tom was recognized marching down the passage.

"Hullo, Brown, where do you come from?"

"Oh, I've been to tea with the Doctor," says Tom, with great dignity.

"My eye!" cried East. "Oh! So that's why Mary called you back, and you didn't come to supper. You lost something — that beef and pickles was no end good."

"I say, young fellow," cried Hall, detecting Arthur, and catching him by the collar, "what's your name? Where do you come from? How old are you?"

Tom saw Arthur shrink back and look scared as all the group turned to him, but thought it best to let him

answer, just standing by his side to support him in case of need.

"Arthur, sir. I come from Devonshire."

"Don't call me 'sir,' you young muff. How old are you?"

"Thirteen."

"Can you sing?"

The poor boy was trembling and hesitating. Tom struck in—"You be hanged, Tadpole. He'll have to sing whether he can or not, Saturday twelve weeks, and that's long enough off yet."

"Do you know him at home, Brown?"

"No; but he's my chum in Gray's old study, and it's near prayer time, and I haven't had a look at it yet. Come along, Arthur."

Away went the two, Tom longing to get his charge safe under cover, where he might advise him on his deportment.

"What a queer chum for Tom Brown," was the comment at the fire; and it must be confessed so thought Tom himself, as he lighted his candle, and surveyed the new green baize curtains and the carpet and sofa with much satisfaction.

"I say, Arthur, what a brick your mother is to make us so cosy. But look here, now, you must answer straight up when the fellows speak to you, and don't be afraid. If you're afraid, you'll get bullied. And don't you say you can sing; and don't you ever talk about home, or your mother and sisters."

Poor little Arthur looked ready to cry.

"But please," said he, "mayn't I talk about—about home to you?"

"Oh, yes, I like it. But don't talk to boys you don't know, or they'll call you homesick, or mamma's darling, or some such stuff. What a jolly desk! Is that yours? And what stunning binding! Why, your school books look like novels!"

And Tom was soon deep in Arthur's goods and chattels, all new and good enough for a fifth-form boy, and hardly thought of his friends outside, till the prayer bell rung.

I have already described the Schoolhouse prayers; they were the same on the first night as on the other nights, save for the gaps caused by the absence of those boys who came late, and the line of new boys who stood all together at the farther table—of all sorts and sizes, like young bears with all their troubles to come, as Tom's father had said to him when he was in the same position. He thought of it as he looked at the line, and poor little slight Arthur standing with them, and as he was leading him upstairs to Number 4, directly after prayers, and showing him his bed. It was a huge, high, airy room, with two large windows looking on to the School close. There were twelve beds in the room. The one in the farthest corner by the fireplace occupied by the sixth-form boy, who was responsible for the discipline of the room, and the rest by boys in the lower fifth and other junior forms, all fags (for the fifth-form boys, as has been said, slept in rooms by themselves). Being fags, the eldest of them was not more than about sixteen years old, and were all bound to be up and in bed by ten; the sixth-form boys came to bed from ten to a quarter past (at which time the old verger came round to put the candles out,) except when they sat up to read.

Within a few minutes, therefore, of their entry, all the other boys who slept in Number 4 had come up. The little fellows went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to each other in whispers; while the elder, amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off. Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring; "that's your wash-hand stand under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his wash-hand stand, and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his nightgown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by

his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child and the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur, and he didn't see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big, brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a sniveling young shaver. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown, what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

EGG HUNTING

The next morning at first lesson Tom was turned back in his lines, and so had to wait till the second round, while Martin and Arthur said theirs all right and got out of school at once. When Tom got out and ran down to breakfast at Harrowell's, they were missing, and Stumps informed him that they had swallowed down their breakfasts and gone off together,—where he couldn't say. Tom hurried over his own breakfast, and went first to Martin's study and then to his own; but no signs of the missing

boys were to be found. He felt half angry and jealous of Martin; where could they be gone?

He learned second lesson with East and the rest in no very good temper, and then went out into the quadrangle. About ten minutes before school Martin and Arthur arrived in the quadrangle breathless; and, catching sight of him, Arthur rushed up, all excitement and with a bright glow on his face.

"Oh, Tom, look here," cried he, holding out three moor hen's eggs; "we've been down the Barby road to the pool Martin told us of last night, and just see what we've got!"

Tom wouldn't be pleased, and only looked out for something to find fault with.

"Why, young un," said he, "what have you been after? You don't mean to say you've been wading?"

The tone of reproach made poor little Arthur shrink up in a moment and look piteous, and Tom, with a shrug of his shoulders, turned his anger on Martin.

"Well, I didn't think, Madman, that you'd have been such a muff as to let him be getting wet through at this time of day. You might have done the wading yourself."

"So I did, of course, only he would come in too to see the nest. We left six eggs in; they'll be hatched in a day or two."

"Hang the eggs!" said Tom; "a fellow can't turn his back for a moment but all his work's undone. He'll be laid up for a week for this precious lark, I'll be bound."

"Indeed, Tom, now," pleaded Arthur, "my feet aren't wet, for Martin made me take off my shoes and stockings and trousers."

"But they are wet and dirty, too,—can't I see?" an-

swered Tom; "and you'll be called up and floored when the master sees what a state you're in. You haven't looked at second lesson, you know." Oh, Tom, you old humbug! You to be upbraiding any one with not learning their lessons! If you hadn't been floored yourself now at first lesson, do you mean to say you wouldn't have been with them? And you've taken away all poor little Arthur's joy and pride in his first bird's eggs; and he goes and puts them down in the study, and takes down his books with a sigh, thinking he has done something horribly wrong, whereas he has learned on in advance much more than will be done at second lesson.

But the old Madman hasn't, and gets called up and makes some frightful shots, losing about ten places, and all but getting floored. This somewhat appeases Tom's wrath, and by the end of the lesson he has regained his temper. And afterwards in their study he begins to get right again, as he watches Arthur's intense joy at seeing Martin blowing the eggs and gluing them carefully on to bits of cardboard, and notes the anxious, loving looks which the little fellow casts sidelong at him. And then he thinks, "What an ill-tempered beast I am! Here's just what I was wishing for last night come about, and I'm spoiling it all," and in another five minutes has swallowed the last mouthful of his bile, and is repaid by seeing his little sensitive plant expand again, and sun itself in his smiles.

After dinner the Madman is busy with the preparations for their expedition, fitting new straps on to his climbing irons, filling large pill boxes with cotton wool, and sharpening East's small ax. They carry all their

munitions into calling-over, and directly afterwards, having dodged such prepositors as are on the lookout for fags at cricket, the four set off at a smart trot down the Lawford footpath straight for Caldecott's Spinny and the Hawk's nest.

Martin leads the way in high feather; it is quite a new sensation to him getting companions, and he finds it very pleasant, and means to show them all manner of proofs of his science and skill. Brown and East may be better at cricket and football and games, thinks he, but out in the fields and woods see if I can't teach them something. He has taken the leadership already, and strides away in front with his climbing irons strapped under one arm, his pecking bag under the other, and his pockets and hat full of pill boxes, cotton wool, and other etceteras. Each of the others carries a pecking bag, and East his hatchet.

When they had crossed three or four fields without a check, Arthur began to lag, and Tom, seeing this, shouted to Martin to pull up a bit: "We aren't out Hare and Hounds; what's the good of grinding on at this rate?"

"There's the Spinny," said Martin, pulling up on the brow of a slope at the bottom of which lay Lawford brook, and pointing to the top of the opposite slope; "the nest is in one of those high fir trees at this end. And down by the brook there, I know of a sedge bird's nest; we'll go and look at it coming back."

"Oh, come on, don't let us stop," said Arthur, who was getting excited at the sight of the wood; so they broke into a trot again, and were soon across the brook, up the slope, and into the Spinny. Here they advanced as noiselessly as possible, lest keepers or other enemies should

be about, and stopped at the foot of a tall fir, at the top of which Martin pointed out with pride the kestrel's nest, the object of their quest.

"Oh, where? Which is it?" asks Arthur, gaping up in the air, and having the most vague idea of what it would be like.

"There, don't you see?" said East, pointing to a lump of mistletoe in the next tree, which was a beech; he saw that Martin and Tom were busy with the climbing irons, and couldn't resist the temptation of hoaxing. Arthur stared and wondered more than ever.

"Well, how curious! it doesn't look a bit like what I expected," said he.

"Very odd birds, kestrels," said East, looking waggishly at his victim, who was still stargazing.

"But I thought it was in a fir tree?" objected Arthur.

"Ah, don't you know? That's a new sort of fir, which old Caldecott brought from the Himalayas."

"Really!" said Arthur; "I'm glad to know that—how unlike our firs they are! They do very well, too, here, don't they? The Spinny's full of them."

"What's that humbug he's telling you?" cried Tom, looking up, having caught the word "Himalayas," and suspecting what East was after.

"Only about this fir," said Arthur, putting his hand on the stem of the beech.

"Fir!" shouted Tom, "why, you don't mean to say, young un, you don't know a beech when you see one?"

Poor little Arthur looked terribly ashamed, and East exploded in laughter which made the wood ring.

"I've hardly ever seen any trees," faltered Arthur.

"What a shame to hoax him, Scud!" said Martin. "Never mind, Arthur, you shall know more about trees than he does in a week or two."

"And isn't that the kestrel's nest, then?" asked Arthur.

"That! Why, that's a piece of mistletoe. There's the nest, — that lump of sticks up this fir."

"Don't believe him, Arthur," struck in the incorrigible East; "I just saw an old magpie go out of it."

Martin did not deign to reply to this sally, except by a grunt, as he buckled the last buckle of his climbing irons; and Arthur looked reproachfully at East without speaking.

But now came the tug of war. It was a very difficult tree to climb until the branches were reached, the first of which was some fourteen feet up, for the trunk was too large at the bottom to be swarmed; in fact, neither of the boys could reach more than half round it with their arms. Martin and Tom, both of whom had irons on, tried it without success at first; the fir bark broke away where they stuck the irons in as soon as they leaned any weight on their feet, and the grip of their arms wasn't enough to keep them up; so, after getting up three or four feet, down they came slithering to the ground, barking their arms and faces. They were furious, and East sat by laughing and shouting at each failure, "Two to one on the old magpie!"

"We must try a pyramid," said Tom at last. "Now, Scud, you lazy rascal, stick yourself against the tree!"

"I dare say! And have you standing on my shoulders with the irons on. What do you think my skin's made

of?" However, up he got, and leaned against the tree, putting his head down and clasping it with his arms as far as he could. "Now, then, Madman," said Tom, "you next."

"No, I'm lighter than you; you go next." So Tom got on East's shoulders and grasped the tree above, and then Martin scrambled up on Tom's shoulders, amidst the totterings and groanings of the pyramid, and, with a spring which sent his supporters howling to the ground, clasped the stem some ten feet up, and remained clinging. For a moment or two they thought he couldn't get up, but then, holding on with arms and teeth, he worked first one iron, then the other, firmly into the bark, got another grip with his arms, and in another minute had hold of the lowest branch.

"All up with the old magpie now," said East; and, after a minute's rest, up went Martin, hand over hand, watched by Arthur with fearful eagerness.

"Isn't it very dangerous?" said he.

"Not a bit," answered Tom; "you can't hurt if you only get good hand hold. Try every branch with a good pull before you trust it, and then up you go."

Martin was now amongst the small branches close to the nest, and away dashed the old bird, and soared up above the trees, watching the intruder.

"All right! Four eggs!" shouted he.

"Take 'em all!" shouted East; "that'll be one apiece."

"No, no, leave one, and then she won't care," said Tom.

We boys had an idea that birds couldn't count, and were quite content as long as you left one egg. I hope it is so.

Martin carefully put one egg into each of his boxes and the third into his mouth, the only other place of safety, and came down like a lamplighter. All went well till he was within ten feet of the ground, when, as the trunk enlarged, his hold got less and less firm, and at last down he came with a run, tumbling on to his back on the turf, spluttering and spitting out the remains of the great egg, which had broken by the jar of his fall.

"Ugh, ugh! Something to drink, — ugh! It was addled," spluttered he, while the wood rang again with the merry laughter of East and Tom.

Then they examined the prizes, gathered up their things, and went off to the brook, where Martin swallowed huge drafts of water to get rid of the taste; and they visited the sedge bird's nest, and from thence struck across the country in high glee, beating the hedges and brakes as they went along; and Arthur at last, to his intense delight, was allowed to climb a small hedgerow oak for a magpie's nest with Tom, who kept all round him like a mother, and showed him where to hold and how to throw his weight, and though he was in a great fright, didn't show it, and was applauded by all for his lissomeness.

IN SCHOOL DAYS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

STILL sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western windowpanes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered; —
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
 I hate to go above you
 Because," the brown eyes lower fell,
 "Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
 That sweet child face is showing.
 Dear girl! The grasses on her grave
 Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
 How few who pass above him
 Lament their triumph and his loss,
 Like her, — because they love him.

THE MINSTREL BOY

THOMAS MOORE

THE Minstrel boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him. —
 "Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
 "Though all the world betrays thee,
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell! — But the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder;

And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

ROBERT MACKENZIE

AT noon the British soldiers to the number of two thousand crossed over from Boston. The men on the hilltop looked out from their intrenchments upon a splendid vision of bright uniforms and bayonets and field-pieces flashing in the sun. They looked with quickened pulse but unshaken purpose. To men of their race it is not given to know fear on the verge of battle.

The English soldiers paused for refreshments when they landed on the Charlestown peninsula. The Americans could hear the murmur of their noisy talk and laughter. They saw the pitchers of grog pass along the ranks. And then they saw the Englishmen rise and stretch themselves to their grim morning's work. From the steeples and the house tops of Boston—from all the heights which stand round about the city—thousands of Americans watched the progress of the fight.

The soldiers had no easy task before them. The day was "exceeding hot," the grass was long and thick, the uphill march was toilsome, the enemy watchful and resolute. As if to render the difficulty greater, the men carried three days' provision with them in their knapsacks. Each man had a burden which weighed

one hundred and twenty pounds in knapsack, musket, and other equipments. Thus laden they began their perilous ascent.

While yet a long way from the enemy they opened a harmless fire of musketry. There was no reply from the American lines. Putnam had directed the men to withhold their fire till they could see the white of the Englishmen's eyes, and then to aim low. The Englishmen were very near the works when the word was given. Like the left-handed slingers of the tribe of Benjamin, the Americans could shoot to a hairbreadth. Every man took his steady aim, and when they gave forth their volley few bullets sped in vain. The slaughter was enormous. The English recoiled in some confusion; a pitiless rain of bullets followed them down the hill. Again they advanced almost to the American works, and again they sustained a bloody repulse.

And now, at the hill foot, they laid down their knapsacks and stripped off their greatcoats. They were resolute this time to end the fight by the bayonet. The American ammunition was exhausted, and they could give the enemy only a single volley. The English swarmed over the parapet. The Americans had no bayonets, but for a time they waged unequal war with stones and the butt ends of their muskets. They were soon driven out, and fled down the hill and across the Neck to Cambridge, the English ships raking them with grape-shot as they ran.

They had done their work. Victory no doubt remained with the English. Their object was to carry the American intrenchments, and they had carried them.

Far greater than this was the gain of the Americans. It was proved that, with the help of some slight field-works, it was possible for undisciplined patriots to meet on equal terms the best troops England could send against them. Henceforth the success of the Revolution was assured. "Thank God," said Washington, when he heard of the battle, "the liberties of the country are safe!" Would that obstinate King George could have been made to see it! But many wives must be widows, and many children fatherless, before those dull eyes will open to the unwelcome truth.

Sixteen hundred men lay dead or wounded, on that fatal slope. The English had lost nearly eleven hundred, the Americans nearly five hundred. Seldom, indeed, in any battle has so large a proportion of the combatants fallen.

THE FLAG GOES BY

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT

HATS off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by.

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off!

The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
 Fought to make and to save the state:
 Weary marches and sinking ships;
 Cheers of victory on dying lips;
 Days of plenty and years of peace;
 March of a strong land's swift increase;
 Equal justice, right, and law,
 Stately honor and reverend awe;
 Sign of a nation, great and strong,
 To ward her people from foreign wrong;
 Pride and glory and honor,—all
 Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
 A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
 And loyal hearts are beating high:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

ROBERT BROWNING

THE year's at the spring,
 And day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven;
 The hillside's dew-pearled;
 The lark's on the wing;
 The snail's on the thorn;
 God's in his heaven—
 All's right with the world.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

CHARLES WOLFE

The Rev. Charles Wolfe earned literary immortality by writing the following short poem. He wrote nothing else of note. He was born at Dublin, Ireland, in 1791, and died at the early age of thirty-two.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
 When the clock tolled the hour for retiring;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory.

THE LOSS OF THE ARCTIC

HENRY WARD BEECHER

Henry Ward Beecher, son of Dr. Lyman Beecher, and brother of Harriet Beecher Stowe, was born at Litchfield, Conn., in 1813 and died in 1887. In childhood he gave little promise of future distinction. He began preaching at Lawrenceburg, Ind., but soon removed to Indianapolis. In 1847 he went to Brooklyn, as pastor of Plymouth Church, where he gathered an immense congregation and became the most noted preacher in America. He was also a popular writer and lecturer. He wrote one novel, "Norwood," a tale of New England life. He published many volumes of sermons, essays, lectures, and addresses.



BEECHER

IT was autumn. Hundreds had wended their way from pilgrimages,—from Rome and its treasures of dead art, and its glory of living nature; from the sides of the Switzer's mountains; from the capitals of various nations,—all of them saying in their hearts, "We will wait for the September gales to have done with their equinoctial

fury, and then we will embark. We will glide across the appeased ocean; and in the gorgeous month of October we will greet our longed-for native land and our heart-loved homes."

And so the throng streamed along, from Berlin, from Paris, from the Orient, converging upon London, still hastening towards the welcome ship, and narrowing every day the circle of engagements and preparations. They crowded aboard. Never had the *Arctic* borne such a host of passengers, nor passengers so nearly related to so many of us.

The hour was come. The signal bell fell at Greenwich. It was noon also at Liverpool. The anchors were weighed, the great hull swayed to the current; the national colors streamed abroad, as if themselves instinct with life and national sympathy. The bell strikes, the wheels revolve, the signal gun beats its echoes in upon every structure along the shore, and the *Arctic* glides joyfully forth from the Mersey, and turns her prow to the winding channel, and begins her homeward run.

The pilot stood at the wheel, and men saw him. Death sat upon the prow, and no eye beheld him. Whoever stood at the wheel in all the voyage, Death was the pilot that steered the craft, and none knew it. He neither revealed his presence nor whispered his errand.

And so hope was effulgent, and lithe gayety disported itself, and joy was with every guest. Amid all the inconveniences of the voyage, there was still that which hushed every murmur, "Home is not far away." And every morning it was one night nearer home.

Eight days had passed. They beheld that distant bank

of mist that forever haunts the vast shallows of Newfoundland. Boldly they made it; and, plunging in, its pliant wreaths wrapped them about. They shall never emerge. The last sunlight has flashed from that deck. The last voyage is done to ship and passengers. At noon there came, noiselessly stealing from the north, that fated instrument of destruction. In that mysterious shroud, that vast atmosphere of mist, two steamers were holding their way with rushing prow and roaring wheels, but invisible.

At a league's distance unconscious, and at nearer approach unwarned; within hail, and bearing right towards each other, unseen, unfelt,—till, in a moment more, emerging from the gray mists, the ill-omened *Vesta* dealt her deadly stroke to the *Arctic*.

The death blow was scarcely felt along the mighty hull. She neither reeled nor shivered. Neither commander nor officer deemed that they had suffered harm.

Prompt upon humanity, the *Arctic's* commander, the brave Luce (Let his name be ever spoken with admiration and respect,) ordered away his boat, with first officer, Gourley, to inquire if the stranger had suffered harm. As Gourley went over the ship's side, oh, that some good angel had called to the brave commander, in the words of Paul on a like occasion, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved!"

They departed, and with them the hope of the ship; for now the waters, gaining upon the hold, and rising up upon the fires, revealed the mortal blow. Oh, had now that stern, brave mate, Gourley, been on deck, whom the sailors were wont to obey; had he stood to execute efficiently the commander's will, we may believe that we

should not have had to blush for the cowardice and recreancy of the crew, nor weep for the untimely dead. But apparently each subordinate officer lost all presence of mind, then courage, and so honor. In a wild scramble, that ignoble mob of firemen, engineers, waiters, and crew rushed for the boats, and abandoned the helpless women, children, and men to the mercy of the deep. Four hours there were from the catastrophe of the collision to the catastrophe of sinking!

Oh, what a burial was here! Not as when one is borne from his home, among weeping throngs, and gently carried to the green fields, and laid peacefully beneath the turf and flowers. No priest stood to pronounce a burial service. It was an ocean grave. The mists alone shrouded the burial place. No spade prepared the grave, nor sexton filled up the hollowed earth.

Down, down, they sank; and the quick-returning waters smoothed out every ripple, and left the sea as placid as before.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carrara
Came chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
That noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloudlike snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar on our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

PAN IN WALL STREET

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Edmund Clarence Stedman was born at Hartford, Conn., in 1833 and died in 1908. He engaged in journalism and afterwards became a banker. He wrote much poetry, and made many compilations.

JUST where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations;
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations;
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter chimes, serenely tolled
From Trinity's undaunted steeple, —
Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
Sound high above the modern clamor,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
The curbstone war, the auction's hammer;
And swift, on music's misty ways,
It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient sweet do-nothing days
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.
And as it stilled the multitude,
And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel where he stood
At ease against a Doric pillar:

One hand a droning organ played,
The other held a Pan's pipe (fashioned
Like those of old) to lips that made
The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'Twas Pan¹ himself had wandered there
A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had crossed the seas, —
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times, — to these
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head;
But — hidden thus — there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarled horns were somewhere sprouting;
His club feet, cased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted;
And soon, as on Trinaerian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

¹ Pan : A God of Grecian mythology, who played a wind instrument known as a pipe.

The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came beasts from every wooded valley;
The random passers stayed to list, —
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tattered cloak of army pattern,
And Galatea joined the throng, —
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;
While old Silenus staggered out
From some new-fangled lunch house handy,
And bade the piper, with a shout,
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy!

A newsboy and a peanut girl
Like little Fauns began to caper;
His hair was all in tangled curl,
Her tawny legs were bare and taper;
And still the gathering larger grew,
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd minstrel blew
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her,
Even here as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water!
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean portals,

THE MYSTIC WEAVER

But music waves eternal wands, —
 Enchantress of the souls of mortals!
 So thought I, — but among us trod
 A man in blue, with legal baton,
 And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
 And pushed him from the step I sat on.
 Doubting, I mused upon the cry,
 "Great Pan is dead!" — and all the people
 Went on their ways: — and clear and high
 The quarter sounded from the steeple.

THE MYSTIC WEAVER

ANONYMOUS

THE weaver at his loom is sitting,
 Throws his shuttle to and fro;
 Foot and treadle,
 Hand and pedal,
 Upward, downward, hither, thither,
 How the weaver makes them go;
 As the weaver wills they go.
 Up and down the web is plying,
 And across the woof is flying;
 What a rattling!
 What a battling!
 What a shuffling!
 What a scuffling!
 As the weaver makes his shuttle
 Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

Threads in single, threads in double;
How they mingle, what a trouble!
Every color, what profusion!
Every motion, what confusion!
While the web and woof are mingling,
Signal bells above are jingling, —
Telling how each figure ranges,
Telling when the color changes,
As the weaver makes his shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

The weaver at his loom is sitting,
Throws his shuttle to and fro;
Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the weaver seems to know,
As he makes his shuttle go,

What each motion
And commotion,
What each fusion
And confusion,

In the grand results will show.
Weaving daily,
Singing gayly,

As he makes his busy shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

The weaver at his loom is sitting,
Throws his shuttle to and fro;
See you not how shape and order
From the wild confusion grow,
As he makes his shuttle go? —
As the web and woof diminish,

THE MYSTIC WEAVER

Grows beyond the beauteous finish, —
Tufted plaidings,
Shapes, and shadings;
All the mystery
Now is history; —
And we see the reason subtle,
Why the weaver makes his shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

See the Mystic Weaver sitting
High in heaven — His loom below;
Up and down the treadles go;
Takes for web the world's long ages,
Takes for woof its kings and sages,
Takes the nobles and their pages,
Takes all stations and all stages, —
Thrones are bobbins in His shuttle;
Armies make them scud and scuttle;
Web into the woof must flow;
Up and down the nations go,
As the Weaver wills they go;

Men are sparring,

Powers are jarring,

Upward, downward, hither, thither,
Just like puppets in a show.

Up and down the web is plying,
And across the woof is flying;

What a battling!

What a rattling!

What a shuffling!

What a scuffling!

As the Weaver makes His shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

Calmly see the Mystic Weaver,
Throw His shuttle to and fro ;
Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the Weaver seems to know

What each motion
And commotion,
What each fusion
And confusion,

In the grand result will show,
As the nations,
Kings and stations,

Upward, downward, hither, thither,
As in mystic dances, go.

In the present all is mystery;

In the past 'tis beauteous history.

O'er the mixing and the mingling,

How the signal bells are jingling!

See you not the Weaver leaving

Finished work behind, in weaving?

See you not the reason subtle,

As the web and woof diminish,

Changing into beauteous finish,

Why the Weaver makes His shuttle,

Hither, thither, scud and scuttle?

Glorious wonder! What a weaving!

To the dull beyond believing!

Such, no fabled ages know.

Only Faith can see the mystery,

How along the aisle of history
Where the feet of sages go,
Loveliest to the purest eyes,
Grand the mystic tapet lies,—
Soft and smooth, and even spreading
As if made for angels' treading;
Tufted circles touching ever,
Inwrought figures fading never;
Every figure has its plaidings.
Brighter form and softer shadings;
Each illumined, — what a riddle!
From a cross that gems the middle.
'Tis a saying — some reject it —
That its light is all reflected;
That the tapet's hues are given
By a sun that shines in heaven!
'Tis believed, by all believing,
That great God himself is weaving, —
Bringing out the world's dark mystery,
In the light of truth and history;
And as web and woof diminish,
Comes the grand and glorious finish,
When begin the golden ages,
Long foretold by seers and sages.



ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing:
 To his music plants and flowers
 Ever sprung, as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet music such is art;
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

OLD CHUMS

ALICE CARY

Alice Cary was born in Cincinnati in 1820. She began writing sketches and poems for the press when very young. In 1852 she and her sister Phoebe removed to New York city, where they lived the rest of their lives. She wrote several novels, which are not now much read. She died in 1871.

IS it you, Jack? Old boy, is it really you?
 I shouldn't have known you, but that I was told
 You might be expected; pray, how do you do?
 But what under heaven has made you so old?

Your hair! Why, you've only a little gray fuzz!
And your beard's white! But that can be beautifully
died;
And your legs aren't but just half as long as they was;
And then — stars and garters! Your vest is so wide!

Is this your hand? Lord, how I envied you that
In the time of our courting, — so soft and so small,
And now it is callous inside, and so fat, —
Well, you beat the very old deuce, that is all.

Turn round! Let me look at you! Isn't it odd,
How strange in a few years a fellow's chum grows!
Your eye is shrunk up like a bean in a pod,
And what are these lines branching out from your nose?

Your back has gone up and your shoulders gone down,
And all the old roses are under the plow;
Why, Jack, if we'd happened to meet about town,
I wouldn't have known you from Adam, I vow!

You've had trouble, have you? I'm sorry; but, John,
All trouble sits lightly at your time of life.
How's Billy, my namesake? You don't say he's gone
To the war, John, and that you have buried your wife?

Poor Katherine! So she has left you, — ah me!
I thought she would live to be fifty or more.
What is it you tell me? She was fifty-three!
Oh, no, Jack! She wasn't so much by a score!

Well, there's little Katy, — was that her name, John?
 She'll rule your house one of these days like a queen.
 That baby! Good Lord! Is she married and gone?
 With a Jack ten years old! And a Katy fourteen!

Then I give it up! Why, you're younger than I
 By ten or twelve years, and to think you've come back
 A sober old graybeard, just ready to die!
 I don't understand how it is, do you, Jack?

I've got all my faculties yet, sound and bright;
 Slight failure my eyes are beginning to hint;
 But still, with' my spectacles on, and a light
 'Twixt them and the page, I can read any print.

My hearing is dull and my leg is more spare,
 Perhaps, than it was when I beat you at ball;
 My breath gives out, too, if I go up a stair, —
 But nothing worth mentioning, nothing at all!

My hair is just turning a little, you see,
 And lately I've put on a broader-brimmed hat
 Than I wore at your wedding, but you will agree,
 Old fellow, I look all the better for that.

I'm sometimes a little rheumatic, 'tis true,
 And my nose isn't quite on a straight line, they say;
 For all that, I don't think I have changed much, do you?
 And I don't feel a day older, Jack, not a day.

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON

ALPHONSE LAMARTINE

Lamartine was born in France in 1790. He is best known in this country as the author of the "History of the Girondists."

PERSONAL glory will be always spoken of as characterizing the age of Napoleon, but it will never merit the praise bestowed upon that of Augustus, of Charlemagne,¹ and of Louis XIV. There is no age; there is



NAPOLEON

only a name, and this name signifies nothing to humanity but himself. False in institutions, for he retrograded; false in policy, for he debased; false in morals, for he corrupted; false in civilization, for he oppressed; false in diplomacy, for he isolated, — he was only true in war, for he shed torrents of human blood.

But what can we then allow him? His individual genius was great, but it was the genius of materialism. His intelligence was vast and clear, but it was the intelligence of calculation. He counted, he weighed, he measured; but he felt not, he loved not, he sympathized with none; he was a statue, rather than a man.

¹ Charlemagne: King of the Franks.

Therein lay his inferiority to Alexander and to Cæsar; he resembled more the Hannibal of the aristocracy. Few men have thus been molded, and molded cold. All was solid; nothing gushed forth in that mind, nothing was moved. His metallic nature was felt even in his style.

He was, perhaps, the greatest writer of human events since Machiavelli. Much superior to Cæsar in the account of his campaigns, his style is not the written expression alone; it is the action. Every sentence in his pages is, so to speak, the counterpart and counter impression of the fact. There is neither a letter, a sound, nor a color wasted between the fact and the word, and the word is himself. His phrases, concise, but struck off without ornament, recall those times when Bajazet¹ and Charlemagne, not knowing how to write their names at the bottom of their imperial acts, dipped their hands in ink or blood, and applied them with all their articulations impressed upon the parchment. It was not the signature, it was the hand itself, of the hero thus fixed eternally before the eyes; and such were the pages of his campaigns dictated by Napoleon,—the very soul of movement, of action, and of combat.

This fame, which constituted his morality, his conscience, and his principle, he merited by his nature and his talents, from war and from glory; and he has covered with it, the name of France. France, obliged to accept the odium of his tyranny and his crime, should also accept his glory with a serious gratitude. She cannot separate her name from his without lessening it; for it is

¹ *Bajazet*: A Turkish Sultan.

equally intrusted with his greatness as with his faults. She wished for renown, and he has given it to her; but what she principally owes to him is the celebrity she has gained in the world.

This celebrity, which will descend to posterity, and which is improperly called glory, constituted his means and his end. Let him, therefore, enjoy it. The noise he has made will resound through distant ages; but let it not pervert posterity or falsify the judgment of mankind. This man, one of the greatest creations of God, applied himself with greater power than any other man ever possessed to accumulate therefrom, on his route, revolutions and ameliorations of the human mind, as if to check the march of ideas and make all received truths retrace their steps. But time has overleaped him, and truths and ideas have resumed their ordinary current. He is admired as a soldier; he is measured as a sovereign; he is judged as a founder of nations; great in action, little in idea, nothing in virtue, — such is the man.

THE CORSICAN NOT CONTENT

WILLIAM H. SEWARD

William H. Seward was born at Florida, Orange County, New York, in 1801 and died in 1872. He is noted chiefly for his career as a public man. He graduated from Union College in 1820. He acquired a high reputation as a criminal lawyer. He was elected to the State Senate in 1830, Governor in 1838, and the United States Senate in 1849. He was made Secretary of State under Lincoln.

ONLY two years after the birth of John Quincy Adams, there appeared on an island in the Mediterranean Sea a human spirit endowed with equal genius, without

the regulating qualities of justice and benevolence which Adams possessed in such an eminent degree. A like career opened to both. Born, like Adams, a subject of a king, the child of more genial skies, like him, became in early life a patriot and a citizen of a new and great Republic. Like Adams, he lent his service to the State in precocious youth, and in its hour of need, and won its confidence.

But, unlike Adams, he could not wait the dull delays of slow and laborious but sure advancement. He sought power by the hasty road that leads through fields of carnage, and he became, like Adams, a supreme magistrate, a consul. But there were other consuls. He was not content. He thrust them aside, and was consul alone. Consular power was too short; he fought new battles, and was consul for life. But power, confessedly derived from the people, must be exercised in obedience to their will, and must be resigned to them again, at least in death. He was not content.

He desolated Europe afresh, subverted the Republic, imprisoned the patriarch who presided over Rome's comprehensive See, and obliged him to pour on his head the sacred oil that made the persons of kings divine, and their right to reign indefeasible. He was an emperor. But he soon saw around him a mother, brothers, and sisters, not ennobled, whose humble state reminded him, and the world, that he was born a plebeian. He had no heir to wait impatient for the imperial crown.

He scourged the earth again and again. Fortune smiled on him even in his wild extravagance. He bestowed kingdoms and principalities on his kindred; put

away the devoted wife of his youthful days, and another, a daughter of Hapsburg's imperial house, joyfully accepted his proud alliance. Offspring gladdened his anxious sight ; a diadem was placed on its infant brow, and it received the homage of princes, even in its cradle.

Now he was indeed a monarch, — a legitimate monarch ; a monarch by divine appointment ; the first of an endless succession of monarchs. But there were other monarchs who held sway in the earth. He was not content. He would reign with his kindred alone. He gathered new and greater armies from his own land, from subjugated lands. He called forth the young and the brave, one from every household ; from the Pyrenees to the Zuyder Zee, from Jura to the ocean. He marshaled them into long and majestic columns, and went forth to seize that universal dominion, which seemed almost within his grasp.

But ambition had tempted fortune too far. The nations of the earth resisted, repelled, pursued, and surrounded him. The pageant was ended. The crown fell from his presumptuous head. The wife who had wedded him in his pride, forsook him when fear came upon him. His child was ravished from his sight. His kinsmen were degraded to their first estate, and he was no longer emperor, nor consul, nor general, nor even a citizen, but an exile and a prisoner, on a lonely island in the midst of the wild Atlantic.

Discontent attended him there. The wayward man fretted out a few lonely years of his yet unbroken manhood, looking off, at the earliest dawn and the evening's twilight, toward that distant world that had only just eluded his grasp. His heart corroded. Death came, not

unlooked for, though it came, even then, unwelcome. He was stretched on his bed within the fort which constituted his prison. A few fast and faithful friends stood around him, with the guards, who rejoiced that the hour of relief from long and wearisome watching was at hand.

As his strength wasted away, delirium stirred up the brain from his long and inglorious inactivity. The pageant of ambition returned. He was again a lieutenant and a general, a consul, an emperor of France. He filled again the throne of Charlemagne. His kindred pressed around him, again invested with the pompous pageantry of royalty. The daughter of the long line of kings again stood proudly by his side, and the sunny face of his child shone out from beneath the diadem that encircled his flowing locks. The marshals of the empire awaited his command.

The legions of the Old Guard were in the field, their scarred faces rejuvenated, and their ranks, thinned in many battles, replenished. Russia, Prussia, Austria, Denmark, and England gathered their mighty hosts to give him battle. Once more he mounted his impatient charger and rushed forth to conquest. He waved his sword aloft, and cried, "Head of the Army!" The feverish vision broke, the mockery was ended. The silver cord was loosed, and the warrior fell back upon his bed a lifeless corpse. The Corsican was not content!



DEATH OF NAPOLEON

ISAAC M'LELLAN

WILD was the night; yet a wilder night
Hung round the soldier's pillow;
In his bosom there waged a fiercer fight
Than the fight on the wrathful billow.

A few fond mourners were kneeling by,
The few that his stern heart cherished;
They knew, by his glazed and unearthly eye,
That life had nearly perished.

They knew by his awful and kingly look,
By the order hastily spoken,
That he dreamed of the days when the nations shook,
And the nation's hosts were broken.

He dreamed that the Frenchman's sword still slew,
And triumphed the Frenchman's "eagle;"
And the struggling Austrian fled anew,
Like the hare before the beagle.

The bearded Russian he scourged again,
The Prussian's camp was routed,
And again on the hills of haughty Spain,
His mighty armies shouted.

Over Egypt's sands, over Alpine snows,
At the pyramids, at the mountain,
Where the wave of the lordly Danube flows,
And by the Italian fountain;

On the snowy cliffs, where the mountain streams
Dash by the Switzer's dwelling,
He led again, in his dying dreams,
His hosts, the broad earth quelling.

Again Marengo's field was won,
And Jena's bloody battle;
Again the world was overrun,
Made pale at his cannon's rattle.

He died at the close of that darksome day,
A day that shall live in story:
In the rocky land they placed his clay,
And left him alone with his glory.

ONWARD, ONWARD

LINNÆUS BANKS

ONWARD! Onward is the language of creation. The stars whisper it in their courses; the seasons breathe it as they succeed each other; the night wind whistles it; the water of the deep roars it out; the mountains lift up their heads, and tell it to the clouds; and Time, the hoary-headed potentate, proclaims it with an iron tongue! From clime to clime, from ocean to ocean, from century to century, and from planet to planet, all is onward.

From the smallest rivulet down to the unfathomable sea, everything is onward. Cities hear its voice and rise up in magnificence; nations hear it and sink into the dust; monarchs learn it and tremble on their thrones; continents feel it, and are convulsed as with an earthquake.

Men, customs, fashions, tastes, opinions, and prejudices, are all onward. States, counties, towns, districts, cities, and villages, are all onward. That word never ceases to influence the destinies of men. Science cannot arrest it, nor philosophy divert it from its purpose. It flows with the very blood in our veins, and every second of time chronicles its progress.

From one stage of civilization to another, from one towering landmark to another, from one altitude of glory to another, we still move upward and onward. Thus did our forefathers escape the barbarisms of past ages; thus do we conquer the errors of our time and draw nearer to the invisible.

So must we move onward, with our armor bright, our weapons keen, and our hearts firm as the "everlasting hills." Every muscle must be braced, every nerve strung, every energy roused, and every thought watchful. Onward is the watchword!

THE WIND

LETITIA E. LONDON

THE wind has a language, I would I could learn;
Sometimes 'tis soothing, and sometimes 'tis stern;
Sometimes it comes like a low, sweet song,
And all things grow calm, as the sound floats along;
And the forest is lulled by the dreamy strain;
And slumber sinks down on the wandering main;
And its crystal arms are folded in rest,
And the tall ship sleeps on its heaving breast.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

THE melancholy days have come, the saddest of the
year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown
and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie
dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the
jay,
And from the wood top calls the crow through all the
gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! They all are in their graves; the gentle race of
flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of
ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November
rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones
again.

The windflower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier rose and the orchids died amid the summer
glow;

But on the hill the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty
stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the
plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland,
glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such
days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter
home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the
trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance
late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my
side;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast
the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so
brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of
ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

WAITING BY THE GATE

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

BESIDE a massive gateway, built up in years gone by,
 Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
 While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood and
 lea,
 I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
 A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night;
 I hear the wood thrush piping one mellow descant more,
 And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day is
 o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold, now,
 There steps a weary one, with a pale and furrowed brow;
 His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought;
 He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
 Of human strength and action, man's courage and his
 power.

I muse while still the wood thrush sings down the golden
 day,
 And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
 A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;
 A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
 Moves mournfully away from amid the young and fair.

Oh, glory of our race that so suddenly decays!
Oh, crimson flush of morning that darkens as we gaze!
Oh, breath of summer blossoms, that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness, and flies we know not
where!

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then
withdrawn,
But still the sun shines round me: the evening bird sings
on,
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are opened; an infant group go out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the sprightly
shout.

Oh, frail, frail tree of life, that upon the greensward strows
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that
blows!

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of pride.
Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars
gray,
And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank
with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing
near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror ; yet these, within my heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart;
And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

THE HERITAGE

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare.
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged with toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! There is a toil,
That with all other level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft, white hands, —
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! Scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,

In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT AND A'
THAT

ROBERT BURNS

IS there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil's obscure and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd¹ for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!

¹ *Gowd*: Gold.

For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie,¹ ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof² for a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that;
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon³ his might,
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that;
 Their pith o' sense and pride o' worth
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may —
 As come it will for a' that —
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree,⁴ and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that;
 That man to man the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

¹ *Birkie*: Fellow.

² *Coof*: Blockhead.

³ *Aboon*: Above.

⁴ *Gree*: Prize.

OBJECT LESSONS

HENRY WARD BEECHER

ONE would almost think that eyes were an arrangement to prevent people from seeing. The same thought passed in the mind of the old prophet thousands of years ago: "Eyes have they, but they see not." It is astonishing to observe both what people do see and what they do not. One pair of eyes, for instance, will return from a crowded church, and will have seen, by an almost superhuman faculty, as it seems to us, every bonnet, every ribbon, every dress, every significant look, every posture of action, of a thousand people. Our own eyes, looking upon the same scene, would not have seen one of all these things!

One pair of eyes will go through the length of Broadway, and see only those who seem to look upon the owner of said eyes. Another pair will not have seen one person in that long walk, nor have missed one horse that walked, trotted, capered, or steadily pulled.

One man will see all the children, — the sweet, rosy-faced, clean ones, gladly; the ragged and keen-faced ones, sadly. One man will see all that art can exhibit, and another nothing of it at all. One man sees machines and all mechanical contrivances; another sees only dresses and showy things.

Now and then there is a rare head whose eyes seem to take in everything, — from a mouse that scuds into a hole, up through all varieties of still or active life to the very top. And some there be who will see nothing. For all the effect produced upon them, Broadway is as empty as a

street in Tadmor. Their eyes seem to have been made up with unprepared nerves, so that, like a daguerrean plate without chemical coating, nothing acts upon it, and no picture is burned in.

It is a great pity that we are not taught, in our early days, how to see. It is more important than reading and writing, than arithmetic or geography. In a world of boundless treasures, above, beneath, on every side, we walk as if there were but few things worth seeing. And even these, when we have looked upon them once or twice, we exhaust, and suppose that we have really seen them!

A man shall pass and repass a burdock growing near the path which he daily treads going to and returning from his work. He would laugh if he were told that he did not know that familiar plant. And yet, in making it, God put upon it and within it a hundred things which are worth observation, but which this man never sees or suspects.

The least things that come from God's hands are so full, so compact of qualities, that they will bear close scrutiny and long study. And we think that the chief advantage to be derived from teaching children to draw is not to be found in the pictures made, but in the new eyesight gained. This, however, implies that they are to be taught to draw directly from nature, and not from copy books. Let a child study a plant, in order to draw it, and he will find out more about it in one day than otherwise he would in a lifetime. We only glance at things.

We overlook more than we see in the things which we see most thoroughly. It would be a good exercise for winter evenings for children to have placed before them a

rosebush in a flowerpot, and let each tell what he sees, and keep the list ; and then let older eyes do the same ; and then from all together, make out a more complete one ; and laying it aside, every day, when things occur afterwards, let them be put down.

The eye is susceptible of more training than perhaps any other of the senses. Fineness of sight, length of vision, comprehensiveness, or the number of things taken in at once, and rapidly, — these may be so far developed that the educated eye is as far above the uneducated as a refined and cultivated mind is beyond a savage one. Houdin, the great French necromancer, relates the practice of himself and son in preparing for one part of their jugglery. They trained their eyes to take in at a glance, from a shop window, from a store full of varieties, from the face of books in a library, the greatest number of things. They came to such perfection that in simply walking past a library case they could afterward tell you nearly every book on its shelves, and its relative position. Their eyes seemed to be acted upon in a manner not unlike the photographic process. A picture was instantly formed. And, afterward, it rose up before their memories as if the original thing stood before them. Such incidents show how little use is yet made of eyes, and how little we suspect their capabilities of education.



THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH

JOSEPH ADDISON

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine:
"The hand that made us is divine!"

AN APPLE ORCHARD IN THE SPRING

WILLIAM MARTIN

HAVE you seen an apple orchard in the spring?
In the spring?

An English apple orchard in the spring?

When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promised glory,
And the mavis sings its story,
In the spring?

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?

And caught their subtle odors in the spring?

Pink buds pouting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby white,
Just to touch them a delight —
In the spring.

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?

Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?

When the pink cascades are falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo bird soft calling,
In the spring.

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,
In the spring,

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR

Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring;
 No sweet sight I can remember
 Half so precious, half so tender,
 As the apple blossoms render
 In the spring.



BYRON

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR

LORD BYRON

THE King was on his throne,
 The Satraps¹ thronged the hall;
 A thousand bright lamps shone
 O'er that bright festival.
 A thousand cups of gold,
 In Judah deemed divine —
 Jehovah's vessels hold
 The godless Heathen's wine.

¹ *Satrap*: A governor of a province in ancient Persia.

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man —
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice:
“Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth.”

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw — but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth.

The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view ;
He read it on that night —
The morrow proved it true.

“ Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom passed away,
He, in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay ;
The shroud his robe of state,
His canopy the stone ;
The Mede is at his gate !
The Persian on his throne ! ”

THE INDIANS

CHARLES SPRAGUE

A LAS, for them, their day is o'er,
Their fires are out on hill and shore ;
No more for them the wild deer bounds,
The plow is on their hunting grounds !

The pale man's ax rings through their woods,
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods ;
Their pleasant springs are dry ;
Their children, — look, by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the west,
Their children go to die.

THE BATTLE OF ORISKANY

From "The American Revolution"

JOHN FISKE

ABOUT two miles west of Oriskany the road was crossed by a deep semicircular ravine, concave toward the east. The bottom of this ravine was a swamp, across which the road was carried with a causeway of logs, and the steep banks on either side were thickly covered with trees and underbrush. The practiced eye of Thayendanegea at once perceived the rare advantage of such a position, and an ambuscade was soon prepared with a skill as deadly as that which once had wrecked the proud army of Braddock. But this time it was a meeting of Greek with Greek, and the wiles of the savage chief were foiled by a desperate valor which nothing could overcome. By ten o'clock the main body of Herkimer's army had descended into the ravine, followed by the wagons, while the rear guard was still on the rising ground behind. At this moment they were greeted by a murderous volley from either side, while Johnson's Greens came charging down upon them in front, and the Indians with frightful yells, swarmed in behind and cut off the rear guard, which was thus obliged to retreat to save itself. For a moment the main body was thrown into confusion, but it soon rallied and formed itself into a circle, which neither bayonet charges nor musket fire could break or penetrate.

The scene which ensued was one of the most infernal that the history of savage warfare has ever witnessed.

The dark ravine was filled with a mass of fifteen hundred human beings, screaming and cursing, slipping in the mire, pushing and struggling, seizing each other's throats, stabbing, shooting, and dashing out brains. Bodies of neighbors were afterwards found lying in the bog, where they had gone down in a death grapple, their cold hands still grasping the knives plunged in each other's hearts.

Early in the fight a musket ball slew Herkimer's horse, and shattered his own leg just below the knee, but the old hero, nothing daunted, and bating nothing of his coolness in the midst of the horrid struggle, had the saddle taken from the dead horse and placed at the foot of a great beech tree, where, taking his seat and lighting his pipe, he continued shouting his orders in a stentorian voice and directing the progress of the battle. Nature presently enhanced the lurid horror of the scene. The heat of the August morning had been intolerable, and black thunder clouds, overhanging the deep ravine at the beginning of the action, had enveloped it in a darkness like that of night.

Now the rain came pouring in torrents, while gusts of wind howled through the tree tops, and sheets of lightning flashed in quick succession, and with a continuous roar of thunder that drowned the noise of the fray. The wet rifles could no longer be fired, but the hatchet, knife, and bayonet carried on the work of butchery, until, after more than five hundred men had been killed or wounded, the Indians gave way and fled in all directions, and the Tory soldiers, disconcerted, began to retreat up the western road, while Herkimer's little army, remaining in possession of the hard-won field, felt itself too weak to pursue them.

A LITTLE MORE

ANONYMOUS

"FIVE hundred pounds or more I've saved —
A rather moderate store;
No matter; I shall be content
When I've a little more.

"Well, I can count ten thousand now —
That's better than before;
And I may well be satisfied
When I've a little more.

"Some fifty thousand — pretty well —
But I have earned it sore;
However, I shall not complain
When I've a little more.

"One hundred thousand — sick and old —
Ah! life is half a bore;
Yet I can be content to live
When I've a little more."

He dies, and to his greedy heirs
He leaves a countless store;
His wealth has purchased him a tomb —
And very little more!

WAITING FOR THE ARMADA

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Charles Kingsley was born at Dartmoor, England, in 1819. He took honors at Cambridge and was ordained, becoming first curate and then rector of Eversby. He was always ready to plead the cause of the oppressed and neglected, and none the less ready to attack abuses. He was intensely fond of nature ; perhaps this taste made possible the "Water Babies," one of the few perfect fairy tales of the language. Kingsley's descriptive powers were very great; he is not excelled, perhaps, in this respect by any English writer. While he wrote some poetry, and some of merit, and that which has been popular, on the whole, he does not take high rank as a poet. His greatest novel is "Hypatia," but "Westward Ho," "Alton Locke," "Two Years Ago," "Yeast," and "Hereward the Wake" are all excellent. You are most likely to be pleased with "Westward Ho." Kingsley died in 1847.

SEE those five talking earnestly, in the center of a ring which longs to overhear, and yet is too respectful to approach close. Those soft, long eyes and pointed chin



RALEIGH

you recognize already; they are Walter Raleigh's. The fair young man in the flame-colored doublet, whose arm is round Raleigh's neck, is Lord Sheffield; opposite them stands, by the side of Sir Richard Grenville, a man as stately even as he, — Lord Sheffield's uncle, the Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of

England ; next to him is his son-in-law, Sir Robert Southwell, captain of the *Elizabeth Jonas*; but who is that short,

sturdy, plainly dressed man, who stands with legs a little apart and hands behind his back, looking up with keen gray eyes into the face of each speaker? His cap is in his hands, so you can see the bullet head of crisp brown hair and the wrinkled forehead, as well as the high cheek bones, the short, square face, the broad temples, the thick lips, which are yet firm as granite. A coarse, plebeian stamp of man, yet the whole figure and attitude are that of boundless determination, self-possession, energy; and when at last he speaks a few blunt words, all eyes are turned respectfully upon him; for his name is Francis Drake.

A burly, grizzled elder, in greasy, sea-stained garments, contrasting oddly with the huge gold chain about his neck, waddles up, as if he had been born, and had lived ever since, in a gale of wind at sea. The upper half of his sharp, dogged visage seems of brick-red leather, the lower of badger's fur; and as he claps Drake on the back, and with broad Devon twang shouts, "Be you a-coming to drink your wine, Francis Drake, or be you not? — Saving your presence, my lord," — the Lord High Admiral only laughs, and bids Drake go and drink his wine; for John Hawkins, Admiral of the Port, is the patriarch of Plymouth seamen, if Drake be their hero, and says and does pretty much what he likes in any company on earth, not to mention that to-day's prospect of an Armageddon¹ fight has shaken him altogether out of his usual crabbed reserve, and made him overflow with loquacious good humor, even to his rival Drake.

¹ *Armageddon* : Place of a great battle to be fought out between the powers of good and evil.

So they push through the crowd, wherein is many another man whom one would gladly have spoken with face to face on earth. Martin Frobisher and John Davis are sitting on that bench, smoking tobacco from long silver pipes ; and by them are Fenton and Withrington, who have both tried to follow Drake's path round the world, and failed, though by no fault of their own. The man who pledges them better luck next time is George Fenner, known to "the seven Portugals," Leicester's pet, and captain of the galleon which Elizabeth bought of him. That short, prim man in the huge yellow ruff, with sharp chin, minute, imperial, and self-satisfied smile, is Richard Hawkins, the Complete Seaman, Admiral John's hereafter famous and hapless son. The elder who is talking with him is his good uncle William, whose monument still stands, or should stand, in Deptford Church; for Admiral John set it up there but one year after this time, and on it recorded how he was "A worshiper of the true religion, an especial benefactor of poor sailors, a most just arbiter in most difficult causes, and of a singular faith, piety, and prudence." That, and the fact that he got creditably through some sharp work at Porto Rico, is all I know of William Hawkins; but if you or I, reader, can have as much, or half as much, said of us when we have to follow him, we shall have no reason to complain.

There is John Drake, Sir Francis's brother, ancestor of the present stock of Drakes; and there is George, his nephew, a man not overwise, who has been round the world with Amyas; and there is Amyas himself, talking to one who answers him with fierce, curt sentences, — Captain Barker, of Bristol, brother of the hapless Andrew

Barker who found John Oxenham's guns, and owing to a mutiny among his men perished by the Spaniards in Honduras twelve years ago. Barker is now captain of the *Victory*, one of the queen's best ships, and he has his accounts to settle with the dons, as Amyas has; so they are both growling together in a corner, while all the rest are as merry as the flies upon the vine above their heads.

BEN BOLT

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

DON'T you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt —

Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind of the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,

And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Are grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends — yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

OUR HONORED DEAD

HENRY WARD BEECHER

HOW bright are the honors which await those who,
with sacred fortitude and patriotic patience, have
endured all things that they might save their nation from
division and from the power of corruption! The honored

dead! They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death; their names are gathered and garnered, their memory is precious; each place grows proud for those who were born there. There is in every village, and in every neighborhood, a glowing pride in its martyred heroes; tablets preserve their names; pious love shall renew the inscriptions as time and the unfeeling elements efface them. And the national festivals shall give multitudes of precious names to the orator's lips. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations, whose elder brothers, dying nobly for their country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead, that generous host, that army of invisible heroes! Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society and inspire the people with noble motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears; he was your son, but now he is the nation's; he made your household bright, now his example inspires a thousand households; dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land; before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you, now he is augmented, set free, and given to all; before he was yours, now he is ours; he has died to the family that he might live to the nation.

O mother of lost children! Sit not in darkness, nor sorrow for those whom a nation honors. O mourners of the early dead! They shall live again, and live forever; your sorrows are our gladness; the nation lives because you gave

it men that loved it better than their lives. And when the nation shall sit in unsullied garments of liberty, with justice upon her forehead, love in her eyes, and truth on her lips, she shall not forget those whose blood gave vital currents to her heart, and whose life given to her shall live with her life till time shall be no more.

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and, till the mountains are worn out and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs and the springs forget to gush and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of national remembrance.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

OUR band is few, but true and tried,
Our leaders frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles,
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear :
When waking to their tents on fire
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads —
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlit plain;

'Tis life to feel the night wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp —
A moment — and away
Back to the pathless forest
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring;
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.

THE CONCORD HYMN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On the green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may her dead redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.



DRAKE

THE AMERICAN FLAG

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

Joseph Rodman Drake was an American poet of great promise who died at the age of twenty-five. His principal poem is "The Culprit Fay."

WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trummings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of Heaven, —
Child of the sun! To thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the clouds of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! Thy folds shall fly
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the lifeblood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet, —
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn

To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And, when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,

And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! On ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When Death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to Heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph, o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to Valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in Heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

Francis Miles Finch, lawyer and poet, was born at Ithaca, N.Y., in 1827, and died in 1907. He graduated from Yale in 1849, and practiced law in his native town. He wrote many lyrics, but his fame as a poet rests chiefly on the two poems given in this volume, "The Blue and the Gray," and "Nathan Hale."

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Brodered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of years that are fading,
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

NATHAN HALE

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

TO drumbeat and heartbeat,
A soldier marches by:
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drumbeat and heartbeat
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight,
He seeks the Briton's camp:
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread
He scans the tented line,
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars
Like the glimmer of a lance,—
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found:
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom:
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for liberty:

And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit wings are free.

From the Fame leaf and Angel leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame leaf and Angel leaf
The name of Hale shall burn.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER

Max Schneckenburger was born at Thalheim in 1819, and died in 1849. In the Franco-Prussian War "The Watch on the Rhine" became a national song, and when the war was over an annual pension of \$750 was settled on his family, and also on the composer of the melody, Karl Wilhelm.

A VOICE resounds like thunder peal,
'Mid dashing wave and clang of steel:
"The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"
Dear Fatherland! No danger thine,
Dear Fatherland! No danger thine;
Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine,
Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.

They stand a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their bosoms swell;
They'll guard the sacred landmark well.
Dear Fatherland! No danger thine,
Dear Fatherland! No danger thine;

Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine,
Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.

While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot's hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

Dear Fatherland! No danger thine,

Dear Fatherland! No danger thine;

Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine,

Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.

Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows,
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine,
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

Dear Fatherland! No danger thine,

Dear Fatherland! No danger thine;

Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine,

Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

HOW dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew:
The wide spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well;

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from that loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.



BARBARA FRIETCHIE

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,
On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—
Over the mountains, winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.
Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!" — The dust brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!" — Out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window sill;
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill gaps sunset light
Shone o'er it with a warm good night.
Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.
Honor to her ! And let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.
Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of freedom and union wave !
Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS

DANIEL WEBSTER

Daniel Webster, one of the greatest orators that has ever lived in the western hemisphere, was born at Salisbury, N.H., in 1782. He attended Phillips Exeter Academy, and was so diffident that he could not be induced to declaim before the school. He entered Dartmouth very poorly prepared, but led his class before the close of the first year. After graduation he taught school for a time to earn money to help his brother through college. He studied law and was admitted to practice in 1805. In 1812 he was elected to Congress and opposed the war with Great Britain. In 1816 he removed to Boston. He soon came to be regarded as the foremost lawyer in New England. His



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reply to Hayne is one of the most memorable speeches ever made in Congress. His Bunker Hill Orations, and the Oration on Adams and Jefferson, are among the greatest speeches ever delivered in this country. He was Secretary of State under Harrison and opposed the annexation of Texas. He died in 1852.

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we mean to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men,

that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives?

I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago in this place moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her Acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, why,

then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us and will carry themselves gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these Colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead.

Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so; be it so! If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But, whatever may be our fate, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I began, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence now, and Independence forever.

LIBERTY AND UNION

DANIEL WEBSTER

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as if from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread further and further, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be

mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise ! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind ! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union ; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent ; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood ! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth ?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards ;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every American heart, — Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable !



SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS

DANIEL WEBSTER

MR. PRESIDENT, I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me, in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride of her great names; I claim them for countrymen, one and all,—the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions,—Americans all, whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day they served the whole country, and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country!

To him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears, does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eye had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts instead of South Carolina? Does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir; increased gratification and delight, rather.

I thank God, that if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, to sneer at public merit, because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State; when I refuse for any cause the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if

I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice, gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that in early times no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return. Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution, hand in hand they stood around the administration of Washington and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation, and distrust are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts. She needs none. There she is; behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons falling in the great struggle for Independence now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia, and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall

hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure, — it will stand in the end, by the side of the cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arms, with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

ANNABEL LEE

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston in 1809, and died when only forty years old. His parents were both actors. When only three years old he was left an orphan and was adopted by John Allan, a merchant of Richmond, Va. There is little in Poe's life to admire. He spent one disastrous year at the University of Virginia, entered Mr. Allan's countinghouse and promptly failed, deserted his indulgent foster parents and went to Boston, where he published a volume of verse. He enlisted as a private, rose from the ranks and secured a cadetship at West Point, where he was dismissed for failure in his studies. He was intemperate, quarrelsome, and without business ability. He wrote a great amount,



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though but little that is not already unknown to the general reader. Some of his poems, chiefly because of their peculiarity, and a few of his prose tales, mainly on account of their constructive skill in plot, will long be read. Nothing that he has written can fairly be called literature of a high class, yet he is so well known because of a few of his writings that you ought not to be wholly unacquainted with him. Perhaps his most noted prose tale is "The Gold Bug," and his best-known poems "The Raven," "The Bells," and "Annabel Lee."

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me :
Yes, that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we;

And neither the angels in heaven above
 Nor the demons down under the sea
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
 And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
 And so, all the night tide, I lie down by the side
 Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
 In the sepulcher there by the sea,
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES

JOSEPH ADDISON

Joseph Addison, whose name at once suggests some of the most noted names in English literature, was born at Milston, in Wiltshire,

England, in 1672, and died in 1719. He wrote the "Tragedy of Cato," but is known chiefly as a prose writer, and is best known as the author of most of the Sir Roger de Coverley papers, which were first published in *The Spectator*. Addison was associated with Steele in the publication of *The Tatler*, *The Spectator*, and *The Guardian*. The papers comprising *The Spectator* must always maintain a high position in English Literature, because of their quaintness of



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conceit, delicacy of touch, and purity of style and language. No careful student of our literature can afford to omit a conscientious study of these specimens of English style.

IT is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that, if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further, which implies, that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could exchange conditions with him.

As I was musing upon these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap.

There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw, with a great deal of pleasure, the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady, of thin, airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose, flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and specters, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes as her garments hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks.

Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a parcel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers, saddled with very whimsical burdens, composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it, but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads, and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth.

The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing toward the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found, upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of

human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts; though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real.

One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice, in particular, of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came loaded with his crimes; but, upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached toward me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, than I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance; upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened, very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which,

it seems, was too long for him. It was, indeed, extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face.

We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and, all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person. I saw with unspeakable pleasure the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarcely a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life, and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such bundles as should be allotted to him. Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and parceling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet.

The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout instead, but made such wry faces that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and ease against pain.

The female world were busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of gray hairs for a carbuncle; another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders; and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation; but on all these occasions there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils that befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that any evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that, as I looked upon him, I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I bent to touch my forehead, I missed the place and clapped my finger upon my upper lip! Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks, as I was playing my hand about my face and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes,

who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans, and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure, after which the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear.

There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure; her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes toward heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part as big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and, teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason, also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

THE VISION OF MIRZA

JOSEPH ADDISON

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled, "The Visions of Mirza," which I have read with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them, and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word, as follows:—

On the fifth day of the moon,—which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy,—after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life, and passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream."

While I was musing, I cast my eyes toward the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat.

I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies. Follow me!"

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and, placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water running through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation."

"Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is Human Life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

"But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge in the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together toward the end of the arches that were entire.

There were, indeed, some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through, one after another,

being quite tired and spent with so long a walk. I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up toward the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of speculation, stumbled, and fell out of sight.

Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eye off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest Human Life."

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! Tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The genius, being moved in compassion toward me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or not the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into equal parts.

The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene.

I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The

islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself.

"These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands.

At length said I: "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time; but I found that he had left me.

I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Goldsmith was born in Ireland in 1728. His father was a clergyman, and he was educated at Trinity College and prepared to enter the Church, but was rejected by the bishop, probably on account of his irregular and dissolute habits. His uncle furnished him with money to go to London and study law, but on the way he stopped at Dublin and lost his money in gambling. His uncle then sent him to Edinburgh to study medicine. He remained there two years and then went to Leyden to continue his studies. There he gave himself wholly to dissipation, and in 1755 left, penniless, to make a tour of Europe. By begging and playing the flute he supported himself in his travels through Flanders, France, Germany, and Italy. His uncle died in 1756, and he returned to England. He first tried to earn his living as a strolling player, then as an usher at school, afterwards as a medical practitioner. Finally he took to literature as a means of livelihood. He established himself in London and made the acquaintance of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, and others of that circle. His principal works are "The Traveler," "Vicar of Wakefield," "The Good-natured Man," "The Deserted Village," and "She Stoops to Conquer."



GOLDSMITH

SWEET Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,

Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round:
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove;
These were thy charms, sweet village! Sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms, — but all these charms are fled.

Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,

And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;

And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn, parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.

I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,

I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep;
Nor surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To turn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His Heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made;

But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the blooming flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron — forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn —
She, only, left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain!
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,

Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile:
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,

Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay —
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the signpost caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown drafts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place;
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors! Could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength and lean to hear;

The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be pressed,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! Let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway:
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's power increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a place that many poor supplied;

Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary spots are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure, all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.
As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slight every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress;
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed:
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms — a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah, where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed
He drives his flocks to pick the scanty blade,

Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped — what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe;
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no trouble e'er annoy;
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? — Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor, houseless, shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blessed,
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head —
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn — thine the loveliest train, —
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing;
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! What sorrows gloomed that parting
day,
That called them from their native walks away;

When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last —
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main —
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! Thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own:
At every draft more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe;
Till, sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down, they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there,
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame:
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the noble arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell; and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states of native strength possessed,

Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE THUNDERSTORM

GEORGE D. PRENTICE

George D. Prentice was born at Preston, Conn., in 1802. He was a graduate of Brown University. He founded the *New England Review*. He removed to Kentucky, and in 1831 became the editor of the *Louisville Journal*, which he made one of the ablest and most brilliant papers in the country. A collection of his witticisms, called "Prenticeana," appeared in 1860. He died in 1870.

I NEVER was a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes of either human or elemental strife upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in the front of the battle when the swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents in the air. I have seen these things, with a swelling soul that knew not, that recked no danger.

But there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness. I have called pride to my aid; I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy; but it avails me nothing. At the first low moaning of the distant cloud, my heart shrinks and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a boy of ten years. I had a little cousin, a girl of the same age as myself, who

had been the constant companion of my youth. Strange, that after the lapse of many years, that occurrence should be so familiar to me! I can see the bright young creature, her eyes flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale, and her cheeks glowing, like a ruby, through a wreath of transparent snow.

Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's; and when she bounded over the wooded hill, or fresh, green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clapping her little hands in the ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away, like a free nightingale, from the earth, and going off where all things are beautiful, like her.

It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and gladly I became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure, and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incense smoke of some burning censer of the skies.

The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters in the bay had forgotten their undulations, the flowers were bending their heads, as if dreaming of the rainbow and dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxurious sweetness that it seemed a cloud of roses scattered down by the hands of a Peri from the afar-off garden of Paradise. The green earth and the blue sky lay around, in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and blessed them.

The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear, sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird, or found some strange and lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural stillness of the day continued until near noon. Then, for the first time, the indications of an approaching tempest were manifest.

On the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and, at the same instant, a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud rolled out like a banner unfolded upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm, and the leaves as motionless as before; and there was not even a quiver among the sleeping waters to tell of the coming hurricane.

To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort, we fled to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall and ragged precipice. Here we stood and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds, marshaling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so fearful, that the young creature who stood beside me shut her eyes convulsively, and clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break.

A few minutes, and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury the little girl lifted her finger toward the precipice that towered over us. I looked, and saw an amethystine peak. And the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a

roar like the groan of the universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded, and thrown I know not whither. How long I remained insensible I cannot tell; but when consciousness returned the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds was dying in the tree tops, and the deep tones of thunder clouds came in fainting murmurs from the eastern hills.

I rose, and looked tremblingly and almost deliriously around. She was there, the dear idol of my infant love, stretched out upon the green earth. After a moment of irresolution I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the pathway of death had been. At first I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down, and gazed upon her face almost with feelings of calmness.

Her bright disheveled hair clustered sweetly around her brow; the look of terror had faded from her lips, and infant smiles were pictured there; the rose tinge upon her cheeks was lovely as in life; and, as I pressed them to my own the fountains of tears were opened, and I wept as if my heart were waters. I have but a dim recollection of what followed. I only know that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming twilight, and I was taken tenderly by the hand, and led away where I saw the countenances of parents and sister.

Many years have gone by on the wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me at times with terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead, and the hollow trunk looking up to the sky, as

if "calling to the clouds for drink," is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay.

A year ago I visited the spot, and the thought of by-gone years came mournfully back to me. I thought of the little innocent being who fell by my side, like some beautiful tree of spring, rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of blossoming. But I remembered — and oh, there was joy in the memory! — that she had gone where no lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sunlit waters are broken only by the storm breath of Omnipotence.

WHAT IS A MINORITY?

JOHN B. GOUGH

John B. Gough was born in Kent, England, in 1817. He came to America in 1829, and while learning the trade of bookbinder in New York formed intemperate habits, and sank to the lowest depths of poverty and wretchedness. About 1840 he was induced to sign the pledge. He became greatly interested in temperance reform, and soon distinguished himself as the most eloquent advocate of the cause. He was the most popular lecturer of his time. He spoke nearly one hundred times on temperance in Exeter Hall, London. He died in 1886.

WHAT is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in the minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is the minority that have come out as iconoclasts to beat down the Dagon their fathers have worshiped,

— the old abuses of society. It is the minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world. You will find that each generation has been always busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history.

Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments — to whom? To the Covenanters. Ah, they were in a minority! Read their history, if you can, without the blood tingling in the tips of your fingers! Look at that girl, of whose innocent stratagem the legend has come down to us, and see how persecution sharpens the intellect as well as gives power to faith! She was going to the conventicle. She knew the penalty of that deed was death. She met a company of troopers. "My girl, where are you going?" She could not tell them a lie; she must tell the truth. It was death to go to that conventicle. To tell that she was going there was to reveal its place to these soldiers, and the lives of her friends were in her hands. "Let me go!" she said. "I am going to my father's house. My elder brother is dead and he has left a will, and I am in it; and it is to be read to-day." "Go, my girl," said he; "and I hope you will have something handsome." These were the minority that, through blood and tears and scourgings, — dyeing the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore, — fought the glorious battle of religious freedom.

Minority! If a man stand up for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of government; if he stands for the right, though he eat,

with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while falsehood and wrong ruffle it in silken attire, — let him remember that wherever the right and truth are, there are always “troops of beautiful, tall angels” gathering round him, and God himself stands within the dim future, and keeps watch over his own. If a man stands for the right and the truth, though every man’s finger be pointed at him, though every woman’s lips be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all they that be against him!

THE WANTS OF MAN

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

John Quincy Adams was born at Quincy, Mass., in 1767. He early went to Europe with his father and attended school at Paris, Amsterdam, and Leyden. At the age of fourteen he went to St. Petersburg as private secretary and interpreter to Francis Dana, who had just been appointed Minister to Russia. This was the beginning of a public career that lasted, with few interruptions, fifty-four years. Minister to Netherlands, Russia, Prussia, and England, Commissioner to form the treaty of Ghent, State Senator, United States Senator, Secretary of State, President, and then for many years member of Congress, his was a career unequalled in this country, yet he was unpopular and died a disappointed man. He kept an elaborate diary, delivered addresses, published essays, and wrote some poetry.

“**M**AN wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

’Tis not with me exactly so;
But ’tis so in the song.

My wants are many, and, if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread;
And canvasbacks and wine;
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me when I dine.

Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell;
With four choice cooks from France, beside,
To dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at princely cost,
Is elegant attire;
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire,
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck, —
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

I want (who does not want?) a wife,
Affectionate and fair;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm yet placid mind;
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiment refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs,
And Fortune fills my store,

I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.

I want (Alas, can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair,
The boys all wise and brave.

I want a warm and faithful friend
To cheer the adverse hour;
Who ne'er to flattery will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power;
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him, as his for me.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command;
Charged by the people's unbought grace
To rule my native land.

Nor crown nor scepter would I ask
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task,
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind,
That after ages as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim,
In choral union to the skies,
Their blessings on my name.

These are the Wants of mortal man, —
I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss, a song.
My last great want, absorbing all,
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call,
The Mercy of my God.

THE DEATH OF GARFIELD

JAMES G. BLAINE

It was in political rather than literary fields that Blaine won his reputation, though his "Twenty Years in Congress" is a work of much interest, and had a large sale. Mr. Blaine was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, in 1830. He moved to Maine and became editor of the *Kennebec Journal*, and, later, the *Portland Advertiser*. For fourteen years he was member of the House of Representatives and three times Speaker. He was a member of the United States Senate, candidate for the presidency in 1884, and Secretary of State under Garfield, and later held the same position under Harrison. He died in 1893.



BLAINE

SURELY, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition

of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully before him; the next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interests, from its hopes, its inspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death, and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which stunned and dazed he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear, bright, and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes whose lips may tell! What brilliant broken plans! What baffled high ambitions! What sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships! What bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him, a proud expectant nation; a great host of sustaining friends; a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager rejoicing power to meet all demands. Before him, desolation and darkness, and his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant profound and universal

sympathy. Though masterful in his mortal weakness, enshrined in the prayers of a world, all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the winepress alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With supple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from his prison walls, from its oppressive stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices.

With wan, fevered face, tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its fair sails whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

ALFRED TENNYSON

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,
To their haven under the hill;
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

LADY CLARE

ALFRED TENNYSON

IT was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn :
Lovers long betrothed were they :
They two will wed the morrow morn :
God's blessing on the day !

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair ;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse ;
Said, " Who was this that went from thee ? "
" It was my cousin," said Lady Clare ;
" To-morrow he weds with me."

" O God be thanked ! " said Alice the nurse,
" That all comes round so just and fair :
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

" Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse ? "
Said Lady Clare, " that ye speak so wild ? "
" As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
" I speak the truth : you are my child !

" The old Earl's daughter died at my breast ;
I speak the truth as I live by bread !
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

" Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, " if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse,

"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,

"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,

"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said: "Not so; but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,

"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear.

Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."

"O mother, mother, mother!" she said,

"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,

My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,

She was no longer Lady Clare:

She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leaped up from where she lay,
Dropped her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stepped Lord Ronald from his tower :

"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !
Why come you dressed like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth ?"

"If I come dressed like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are :
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and deed.
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up !
Her heart within her did not fail ;
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn ;
He turned and kissed her where she stood ;
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood —

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

ENOCH ARDEN

ALFRED TENNYSON

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sand;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moldered church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall towered mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazel wood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad,
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, played
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats up-drawn;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflowed, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:
In this the children played at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress; but at times

Enoch would hold possession for a week :
 "This is my house and this my little wife."
 "Mine, too," said Philip, "turn and turn about :"
 When, if they quarreled, Enoch stronger made
 Was master : then would Philip, his blue eyes
 All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
 Shriek out, "I hate you, Enoch," and at this
 The little wife would weep for company,
 And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
 And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
 And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
 Was felt by either, either fixed his heart
 On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,
 But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
 Seemed kinder unto Philip than to him;
 But she loved Enoch; though she knew it not,
 And would if asked deny it. Enoch set
 A purpose evermore before his eyes,
 To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
 To purchase his own boat, and make a home
 For Annie: and so prospered that at last
 A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
 A carefuller in peril, did not breathe
 For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
 Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
 On board a merchantman, and made himself
 Full sailor; and he thrice had plucked a life
 From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas:
 And all men looked upon him favorably :

And ere he touched his one-and-twentieth May,
He purchased his own boat, and made a home
For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up
The narrow street that clambered toward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people making holiday,
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stayed
(His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind; but as he climbed the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burned as on an altar. Philip looked,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom;
Then, as their faces drew together, groaned,
And slipped aside, and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and passed
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honorable toil;
With children; first a daughter. In him woke,
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
To save all earnings to the uttermost,

And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renewed,
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward; for in truth
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean spoil
In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
Rough-reddened with a thousand winter gales,
Not only to the market cross were known,
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion whelp,
And peacock yew tree of the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
Opened a larger haven: thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea;
And once when there, and clambering on a mast
In harbor, by mischance he slipped and fell:
A limb was broken when they lifted him;
And while he lay recovering there, his wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one:
Another hand crept too across his trade
Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell,
Although a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seemed as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,

And her he loved a beggar: then he prayed
"Save them from this, whatever comes to me."
And while he prayed, the master of that ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,
Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
There yet were many weeks before she sailed,
Sailed from this port. Would Enoch have the
place?

And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appeared
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
And isles alight in the offing: yet the wife —
When he was gone — the children — what to do?
Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;
To sell the boat — and yet he loved her well —
How many a rough sea had he weathered in her!
He knew her as a horseman knows his horse —
And yet to sell her — then with what she brought
Buy goods and stores — set Annie forth in trade
With all that seamen needed or their wives —
So might she keep the house while he was gone.
Should he not trade himself out yonder? Go
This voyage more than once? Yea, twice or thrice —
As oft as needed — last, returning rich,
Become the master of a larger craft,
With fuller profits lead an easier life,

Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all :
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born ;
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms ;
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight and fondled fatherlike,
But had no heart to break his purposes
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will :
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day by night renewed
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
He not for his own self caring but her,
Her and her children, let her plead in vain ;
So grieving held his will, and bore it through.

For Enoch parted with his old sea friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
To fit their little streetward sitting room
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and ax,
Auger and saw, while Annie seemed to hear

Her own death scaffold raising, shrilled and rang,
Till this was ended, and his careful hand, —
The space was narrow, — having ordered all
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
Save as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
Bowed himself down, and in that mystery
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
Prayed for a blessing on his wife and babes
Whatever came to him: and then he said,
"Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, "and he,
This pretty, puny, weakly little one, —
Nay, for I love him all the better for it, —
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
And make him merry, when I come home again.
Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
And almost hoped herself; but when he turned
The current of his talk to graver things

In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke: "O Enoch, you are wise;
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more."

"Well, then," said Enoch, "I shall look on yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here;
(He named the day) get you a seaman's glass,
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

But when the last of those last moments came,
"Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
And fear no more for me; or if you fear
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? If I flee to these
Can I go from Him? And the sea is His,
The sea is His: He made it."

Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kissed his wonder-stricken little ones;
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
After a night of feverous wakefulness,
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said,
"Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the child

Remember this?" and kissed him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipped
A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept
Through all his future; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She, when the day that Enoch mentioned, came,
Borrowed a glass, but all in vain: perhaps
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;
She saw him not: and while he stood on deck
Waving, the moment and the vessel passed.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
She watched it, and departed weeping for him;
Then, though she mourned his absence as his grave,
Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
But throve not in her trade, not being bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
And still foreboding, "What would Enoch say?"
For more than once, in days of difficulty
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less
Than what she gave in buying what she sold:
She failed and saddened knowing it; and thus,
Expectant of that news which never came,
Gained for her own a scanty sustenance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly born and grew
Yet sicklier, though the mother cared for it

With all a mother's care : nevertheless,
Whether her business often called her from it,
Or through the want of what it needed most,
Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
What most it needed — howsoe'er it was,
After a lingering, — ere she was aware, —
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it,
Philip's true heart, which hungered for her peace
(Since Enoch left her he had not looked upon her,)
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
"Surely," said Philip, "I may see her now,
May be some little comfort ;" therefore went,
Passed through the solitary room in front,
Paused for a moment at an inner door,
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
Entered ; but Annie, seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turned her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly,
"Annie, I want to ask a favor of you."

He spoke ; the passion in her moaned reply
"Favor from one so sad and so forlorn
As I am !" half abashed him ; yet unasked,
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
He set himself beside her, saying to her :
"I came to speak to you of what he wished,

Enoch, your husband : I have ever said
You chose the best among us—a strong man :
For where he fixed his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he willed, and bore it through.
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely? Not to see the world—
For pleasure?—Nay, but for the wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or yours : that was his wish.
And if he come again, vexed will he be
To find the precious morning hours were lost.
And it would vex him even in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now—
Have we not known each other all our lives?
I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay—
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
Why then he shall repay me,—if you will,
Annie,—for I am rich and well-to-do,
Now let me put the boy and girl to school :
This is the favor that I came to ask.”

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
Answered, “I cannot look you in the face ;
I seem so foolish and so broken down.
When you came in, my sorrow broke me down ;
And now I think your kindness breaks me down ;
But Enoch lives ; that is borne in on me :
He will repay you : money can be repaid ;
Not kindness such as yours.”

And Philip asked
 "Then you will let me, Annie?"

There she turned,
 She rose, and fixed her swimming eyes upon him,
 And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
 Then calling down a blessing on his head
 Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
 And passed into the little garth beyond.
 So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school
 And bought them needful books, and every way,
 Like one who does his duty by his own,
 Made himself theirs; and though for Annie's sake,
 Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
 He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
 And seldom crossed her threshold, yet he sent
 Gifts by the children, garden herbs and fruit,
 The late and early roses from his wall,
 Or conies from the down, and now and then,
 With some pretext of fineness in the meal
 To save the offense of charitable, flour
 From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind:
 Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,
 Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
 Light on a broken word to thank him with.
 But Philip was her children's all-in-all.
 From distant corners of the street they ran
 To greet his hearty welcome heartily;
 Lords of his house and of his mill were they;

Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, played with him
And called him Father Philip. Philip gained
As Enoch lost; for Enoch seemed to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far end of an avenue,
Going we know not where; and so ten years,
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children longed
To go with others, nutting to the wood,
And Annie would go with them; then they begged
For Father Philip (as they called him) too:
Him, like the working bee in blossom dust,
Blanched with his mill, they found; and saying to him,
"Come with us, Father Philip," he denied;
But when the children plucked at him to go,
He laughed, and yielded readily to their wish,
For was not Annie with them? And they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her force
Failed her; and sighing, "Let me rest," she said:
So Philip rested with her well content;
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
Down through the whitening hazels made a plunge
To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away

Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence, and remembered one dark hour
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
He crept into the shadow: at last he said;
Lifting his honest forehead, "Listen, Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in the wood.
Tired, Annie?" for she did not speak a word.
"Tired?" but her face had fallen upon her hands;
At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
"The ship was lost," he said, "the ship was lost!
No more of that! Why should you kill yourself
And make them orphans quite?" And Annie said,
"I thought not of it: but — I know not why —
Their voices make me feel so solitary."

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.
"Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long,
That though I know not when it first came there,
I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
That he who left you ten long years ago
Should still be living; well then — let me speak:
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:
I cannot help you as I wish to do
Unless — they say that women are so quick —
Perhaps you know what I would have you know —
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
A father to your children: I do think

They love me as a father : I am sure
That I love them as if they were mine own ;
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
That after all these sad uncertain years,
We might be still as happy as God grants
To any of his creatures. Think upon it;
For I am well-to-do — no kin, no care,
No burden, save my care for you and yours :
And we have known each other all our lives,
And I have loved you longer than you know."

Then answered Annie ; tenderly she spoke,
" You have been as God's good angel in our house.
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
Philip, with something happier than myself.
Can one love twice ? Can you be ever loved
As Enoch was ? What is it that you ask ? "
" I am content," he answered, " to be loved
A little after Enoch." " O," she cried,
Scared as it were, " dear Philip, wait a while :
If Enoch comes — but Enoch will not come —
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long :
Surely I shall be wiser in a year ;
O, wait a little ! " Philip sadly said,
" Annie, as I have waited all my life,
I well may wait a little." " Nay," she cried,
" I am bound : you have my promise — in a year :
Will you not bide your year as I bide mine ? "
And Philip answered, " I will bide my year."

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up
Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day

Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;
Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose
And sent his voice beneath him through the wood.
Up came the children laden with their spoil;
Then all descended to the port, and there
At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
Saying gently, "Annie, when I spoke to you,
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong,
I am always bound to you, but you are free."
Then Annie weeping answered, "I am bound."

She spoke; and in one moment as it were,
While yet she went about her household ways,
Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
That he had loved her longer than she knew,
That autumn into autumn flashed again,
And there he stood once more before her face,
Claiming her promise. "Is it a year?" she asked.
"Yes, if the nuts," he said, "be ripe again:
Come out and see." But she — she put him off —
So much to look to — such a change — a month —
Give her a month — she knew that she was bound —
A month — no more. Then Philip, with his eyes
Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
"Take your own time, Annie, take your own time."
And Annie could have wept for pity of him;
And yet she held him on delayingly
With many a scarce-believable excuse,
Trying his truth and his long sufferance,
Till half another year had slipped away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
Abhorrent of a calculation crost,
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her;
Some that she but held him off to draw him on;
And others laughed at her and Philip too,
As simple folk that knew not their own minds,
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
Was silent, though he often looked his wish;
But evermore the daughter pressed upon her
To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty;
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her
Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Prayed for a sign, "My Enoch, is he gone?"
Then compassed round by the blind wall of night
Brooked not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
"Under the palm tree." That was nothing to her:
No meaning there: she closed the Book and slept,
When lo! Her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palm tree, over him the Sun:

"He is gone," she thought, "he is happy, he is singing Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms Whereof the happy people strowing cried, 'Hosanna in the highest!'" Here she woke, Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him, "There is no reason why we should not wed." "Then for God's sake," he answered, "both our sakes, So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
A footstep seemed to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence: a whisper on her ear,
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
What ailed her then, that ere she entered, often
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
Fearing to enter.

And where was Enoch? Prosperously sailed
The ship *Good Fortune*, though at setting forth
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
And almost overwhelmed her, yet unvexed
She slipped across the summer of the world,
Then after a long tumble about the Cape
And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
She passing through the summer world again,
The breath of heaven came continually
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home voyage: at first indeed
Through many a fair sea circle, day by day
Scarce rocking, her full-busted figurehead
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows:
Then follow'd calms and then winds variable,
Then baffling, a long course of them; and last,
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of "breakers" came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
Buoyed upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn,
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
Nor save for pity was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
There in a seaward-gazing mountain gorge
They built, and thatched with leaves of palm, a hut,
Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,

The two remaining found a fallen stem ;
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning, "Wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The luster of the long convolvuluses
That coiled around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw ; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branched
And blossomed in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail :
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;
The blaze upon the waters to the east ;
The blaze upon his island overhead ;
The blaze upon the waters to the west ;

Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise — but no sail.

There often as he watched or seemed to watch,
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting people, things and places, known
Far in the darker isle beyond the line;
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock yew tree and the lonely Hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-color'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Though faintly, merrily — far and far away —
He heard the pealing of his parish bells;
Then, though he knew not wherefore, started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
Returned upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,

Not yet had perished, when his lonely doom
 Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
 (She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
 Like the *Good Fortune*, from her destined course,
 Stayed by this isle, not knowing where she lay:
 For since the mate had seen at early dawn
 Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
 The silent water slipping from the hills,
 They sent a crew that landing burst away
 In search of stream or fount, and filled the shores
 With clamor. Downward from his mountain gorge
 Stept the long-haired, long-bearded solitary,
 Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
 Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seemed,
 With inarticulate rage, and making signs
 They knew not what: and yet he led the way
 To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;
 And ever as he mingled with the crew,
 And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
 Was loosened, till he made them understand;
 Whom, when their casks were filled, they took aboard:
 And there the tale he uttered brokenly,
 Scarce credited at first, but more and more,
 Amazed and melted all who listened to it:
 And clothes they gave him and free passage home;
 But oft he worked among the rest and shook
 His isolation from him. None of these
 Came from his country, or could answer him,
 If questioned, aught of what he cared to know.
 And dull the voyage was with long delays,
 The vessel scarce seaworthy; but evermore

His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He like a lover down through all his blood
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning breath
Of England blown across her ghostly wall:
And that same morning officers and men
Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it:
Then moving up the coast they landed him,
Ev'n in that harbor whence he sailed before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
But homeward — home — what home? Had he a home?
His home, he walked. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill; till drawn through either chasm,
Where either haven opened on the deeps,
Rolled a sea haze and whelmed the world in gray;
Cut off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of withered holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and through the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;
Last, as it seemed, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reached the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
In those far-off seven happy years were born;

But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleamed through the drizzle) crept
Still downward, thinking, "dead, or dead to me!"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crossed antiquity,
So propped, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone; but he was gone
Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane,
With daily dwindling profits held the house;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing — Enoch was so brown, so bowed,
So broken — all the story of his house.
His baby's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance
No shadow passed, nor motion: any one,
Regarding, well had deemed he felt the tale
Less than the teller: only when she closed,
"Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,"
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated muttering "cast away and lost;"
Again in deeper inward whispers "lost!"

But Enoch yearned to see her face again,
"If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy." So the thought
Haunted and harassed him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward; but behind
With one small gate that opened on the waste,
Flourished a little garden square and walled;
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yew tree, and all around it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it:
But Enoch shunned the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
That which he better might have shunned, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnished board
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,

Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees ;
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever missed it, and they laughed :
And on the left of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, on the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love, —
Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and feared
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,

As lightly as a sick man's chamber door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth and prayed.

"Too hard to bear! Why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Savior, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! Aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! Must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never. No father's kiss for me — the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

There speech and thought and nature failed a little,
And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went,
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As though it were the burden of a song,
"Not to tell her, never to let her know."

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up through all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul. "This miller's wife,"

He said to Miriam, "that you spoke about,
Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"
"Aye, aye, poor soul," said Miriam, "fear enow!
If you tell her you had seen him dead,
Why, that would be her comfort;" and he thought,
"After the Lord has called me she shall know,
I wait His time," and Enoch set himself,
Scorning alms, to work whereby to live.
Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
To make the boatmen fishing nets, or helped
At lading and unlading the tall barks,
That brought the stinted commerce of those days;
Thus earned a scanty living for himself:
Yet since he did but labor for himself,
Work without hope, there was not life in it
Whereby the man could live; and as the year
Rolled itself round again to meet the day
When Enoch had returned, a languor came
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
See through the gray skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despaired of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For through that dawning gleamed a kindlier hope
On Enoch, thinking, "After I am gone,

Then may she learn I loved her to the last."
He called aloud for Miriam Lane and said,
"Woman, I have a secret — only swear,
Before I tell you — swear upon the book
Not to reveal it, till you see me dead."
"Dead," clamored the good woman, "hear him talk!
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."
"Swear," added Enoch sternly, "on the book."
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
Then Enoch, rolling his gray eyes upon her,
"Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?"
"Know him?" she said, "I knew him far away.
Aye; aye, I mind him coming down the street;
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."
Slowly and sadly Enoch answered her:
"His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I think I have not three days more to live;
I am the man." At which the woman gave
A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
"You Arden, you! Nay, — sure he was a foot
Higher than you be." Enoch said again,
"My God has bowed me down to what I am;
My grief and solitude have broken me;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
Who married — but that name has twice been changed —
I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen." Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
Fast flowed the current of her easy tears,

While in her heart she yearned incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes ;
But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,
Saying only, " See your bairns before you go !
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied :

" Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again ; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her ;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blessed him too ;
He never meant us anything but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father ; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be :
This hair is his : she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,

And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he."

He ceased; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,
That once again he rolled his eyes upon her
Repeating all he wished, and once again
She promised.

Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumbered motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice, "A sail! A sail!
I am saved;" and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

SULLIVAN'S EXPEDITION

From "The American Revolution"

JOHN FISKE

AN army of 5000 men was sent out in the summer of 1779, with instructions to lay waste the country of the hostile Iroquois and capture the nest of Tory miscreants at Fort Niagara. The command of the expedition

was offered to Gates, and when he testily declined it, as requiring too much hard work for a man of his years, it was given to Sullivan.

To prepare such an army for penetrating to a depth of four hundred miles through the forest was no light task; and before they had reached the Iroquois country, Brant (Thayendanegea) had sacked the town of Minisink and annihilated a force of militia sent to oppose him. Yet the expedition was well-timed for the purpose of destroying the growing crops of the enemy.

The army advanced in two divisions. The right wing, under General James Clinton, proceeded up the valley of the Mohawk as far as Canajoharie, and then turned to the southwest, while the left wing, under Sullivan himself, ascended the Susquehanna. On the 22d of August the two columns met at Tioga, and one week later they found the enemy at Newtown, on the site of the present town of Elmira, — 1500 Tories and Indians led by Sir John Johnson in person, with both the Butlers and Thayendanegea.

In the battle which ensued, the enemy was routed with great slaughter, while the American loss was less than fifty. No further resistance was made, but the army was annoyed in every possible way, the stragglers were now and then caught and tortured to death. On one occasion a young lieutenant named Boyd was captured while leading a scouting party, and fell into the hands of one of the Butlers, who threatened to give him up to torture unless he should disclose whatever he knew of General Sullivan's plans. On his refusal, he was given into the hands of a Seneca demon, named Little Beard; and after being hacked and plucked to pieces with refinement

of cruelty which the pen refuses to describe, his torments were ended by disemboweling.

Such horrors served only to exasperate the American troops, and while they do not seem to have taken life unnecessarily, they certainly carried out their orders with great zeal and thoroughness. The Iroquois tribes were so far advanced in the agricultural stage of development that they were much more dependent upon their crops than upon the chase for subsistence; and they had besides learned some of the arts of civilization from their white neighbors. Their long wigwams were beginning to give way to framed houses with chimneys; their extensive fields were planted with corn and beans; and their orchards yielded apples, pears, and peaches in immense profusion. All this prosperity was now brought to an end.

From Tioga the American army marched through the entire country of the Cayugas and Senecas, laying waste the cornfields, burning the houses, and cutting down all the fruit trees. More than forty villages, the largest containing 128 houses, were razed to the ground. So terrible a vengeance had not overtaken the Long House since the days of Frontenac.

The region thus devastated had come to be the most important domain of the Confederacy, which never recovered from the blow thus inflicted. The winter of 1779-1780 was one of the coldest ever known in America, so cold that the harbor of New York was frozen solid enough to bear troops and artillery,¹ while the British in the city, deprived of the aid of their fleet, spent the winter

¹ Cannon were wheeled on the solid ice from Staten Island to the city. See Stone's *Life of Brant*, ii, 54.

in daily dread of attack. During this extreme season the houseless Cayugas and Senecas were overtaken by famine and pestilence, and the diminution of their numbers was never afterward made good. The stronghold of Niagara, however, was not wrested from Thayendanegea. That part of Sullivan's expedition was a failure.

From increasing sickness among the soldiers and want of proper food, he deemed it impracticable to take his large force beyond the Genesee River, and accordingly he turned back toward the seaboard, arriving in New Jersey at the end of October, after a total march of more than seven hundred miles.

A VOICE

ALFRED AUSTIN

Alfred Austin was born at Headingly, England, in 1835. He was made poet laureate in 1896. He won distinction as poet, critic, and journalist. He has written political works, novels, and many volumes of verse. Public opinion is divided as to his merits as a poet. For ten years he was editor of the *National Review*.

WHAT is the voice I hear
On the winds of the western sea?
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear
And say what the voice may be.
'Tis a proud, free people, calling loud
To a people proud and free.

And it says to them: "Kinsmen, hail,
We severed have been too long.
Now let us have done with a worn-out tale —

The tale of an ancient wrong;
And our friendship last long as love doth last,
And be stronger than death is strong."

Answer them, sons of the self-same race,
And blood of the self-same clan,
Let us speak with each other face to face,
And answer as man to man;
And loyally love and trust each other
As none but free men can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,
Shamrock, thistle, and rose;
And the star-spangled banner unfurl with these —
A message to friends, to foes,
Wherever the sails of peace are seen,
And wherever the war wind blows —

A message to bond and thrall to wake
For, wherever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake,
And his menace be void and vain.
For you are the lords of a strong, young land,
And we are lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale,
We severed have been too long,
But now we have done with a worn-out tale —
The tale of an ancient wrong:
And our friendship last long as love doth last,
And be stronger than death is strong.

LIBERTY OR DEATH

PATRICK HENRY

Patrick Henry was born at Studley, Va., in 1736. His education was meager, and he had little inclination for book learning. He married when only eighteen years of age. He failed in business, began farming, but made no success of that, being too negligent and indolent. When about twenty-four years of age he took up the practice of the law. In 1756 he was elected member of the House of Burgesses. In 1774 he was chosen delegate to the Continental Congress, and in 1776 Governor of Virginia. He was re-elected three times. Washington offered him the position of Secretary of State, and that of Chief Justice, both of which he declined. Adams named him Minister to France. He died in 1799, leaving the reputation of being one of the greatest American orators.



PATRICK HENRY

MR. PRESIDENT: It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that

siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes,



OLD CAPITOL OF VIRGINIA

see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation?

For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth — to know the worst, and to provide for it. I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House.

Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet! Suffer not yourself to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourself how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love?

Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies?

No, sir, she has none; they are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet up those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them?

Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that

for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted?

Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm that is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament.

Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope.

If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir: we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary; but when shall we be

strong? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battle alone: there is a just God who presides over the destinies of Nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle is not to the strong alone: it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission or slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir: let it come!

It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry "Peace! Peace!" but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle?

What is it that the gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

ANNIE LAURIE

WILLIAM DOUGLAS

MAXWELTON'S braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true,
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be :
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snawdrift,
Her throat is like the swan ;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is th' fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet,

Her voice is low and sweet,
 And she's a' the world to me,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
 I'd lay me doune and dee.

HIGHLAND MARY

ROBERT BURNS

Robert Burns, the greatest Scotch poet, was born at Alloway, in 1759, and died at Dumfries in 1796. No other Scotch poet is so popular. You will do well to read "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Tam o' Shanter," "To a Mountain Daisy," "To a Mouse," and "Twa Dogs." These will enable you to determine whether or not you wish to read Burns largely.



BURNS

YE banks, and braes, and
 streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair
 your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!¹
 There simmer first unfauld her
 robes,

And there the langest tarry;
 For there I took the last farewell
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,²
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,

¹ *Drumlie*: Muddy.² *Birk*: Birch.

As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder:
But, oh, fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

Oh, pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly,
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And moldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

THE BANKS O' DOON

ROBERT BURNS

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!

AFTON WATER

Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed — never to return!

Aft have I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart i' pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree:
 And my fause luvie stole my rose,
 But, ah! He left the thorn wi' me.

AFTON WATER

ROBERT BURNS

FLOW gently, sweet Afton! Among thy green braes
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream —
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen;
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den;
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear;
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
 Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills;
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow!
There, oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton! Among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays!
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ROBERT BURNS

WEE modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! It's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,¹
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

¹ weet: Wet.

Could blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
 But thou, beneath the random bield¹

 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie² stibble field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
 By love's simplicity betrayed,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
 Unskillful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,

¹ bield : Shelter.

² histie : Barren.

Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrenched of every stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom.

TO A MOUSE

ROBERT BURNS

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle;¹
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!²

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle

¹ *brattle* : A rattling noise.² *pattle* : A plow staff.

At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? Poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen¹ icker² in a thrave³

'S a sma' request,
I'll get a blessing wi' the lave
And never mis't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin;
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! The cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch⁴ cauld!

¹ daimen : Occasional.

³ thrave : Shock of sheaves of grain.

² icker : Heap of grain.

⁴ cranreuch : Frosty.

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' leave us naught but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

KING COTTON

ROBERT MACKENZIE

WHEN Europeans first visited the southern parts of North America, they found in abundant growth there a plant destined to such eminence in the future history of the world as no other member of the vegetable family ever attained. It was an unimportant looking plant two or three feet in height, studded with pods somewhat larger than a walnut. In the appropriate season these pods opened, revealing a wealth of soft, white fiber, embedded in which lay the seeds of the plant.

This was Cotton. It was not unknown to the Old World. The Romans used cotton fabrics before the Christian era. India did so from a still more remote

period, but the extent to which its use had been carried was trivial. Men clothed themselves, as best they might, in linen or woolen cloth, or simply in the skins of the beasts which they slew. The time was now at hand when an ampler provision for their wants was to be disclosed to them.

Socially and politically, cotton has deeply influenced the course of human affairs. The mightiest conqueror sinks into insignificance in the presence of King Cotton. The English began to cultivate a little cotton very soon after their settlement in America. But it was a difficult crop for them to handle. The plants grew luxuriantly. When autumn came the opening pods revealed a most satisfactory opulence. The quantity of cotton produced excited the wonder of the planters. But the seeds of the plant adhered tenaciously to the fiber. Before the fiber could be used the seeds had to be removed.

This was a slow, and therefore a costly, process. It was as much as a man could do in a day to separate one pound of cotton from the seeds. Cotton could never be abundant or cheap while this was the case. But in course of time things came to pass in England which made it indispensable that cotton should be both abundant and cheap.

In 1768, Richard Arkwright invented a machine for spinning cotton, vastly superior to anything hitherto in use. Next year a greater than he — James Watt — announced a greater invention — his steam engine. England was now ready to begin her great work of weaving cotton for the world; but where was the cotton to be found?

Three or four years before Watt patented his engine and Arkwright his spinning frame, there was born in a New England farmhouse a boy whose work was needed to

complete theirs. His name was Eli Whitney. Eli was a born mechanic. It was a necessity of his nature to invent and construct. As a mere boy he made nails, pins, and walking canes by novel processes, and thus earned money to support himself in college. In 1792 he went to Georgia to visit Mrs. Greene, the widow of that General Greene who so troubled Lord Cornwallis in the closing years of the war.

In that primitive society, where few of the comforts of civilized life were yet enjoyed, no visits were so like those of angels as the visits of a skillful mechanic. Eli constructed marvelous amusements for Mrs. Greene's children. He overcame all household difficulties by some ingenious contrivance. Mrs. Greene learned to wonder at him, and to believe that nothing was impossible for him.

One day Mrs. Greene entertained a party of her neighbors. The conversation turned upon the sorrows of the planter. That unhappy tenacity with which the seeds of the cotton adhered to the fiber was elaborately bemoaned. With an urgent demand from England for cotton, with boundless lands which grew nothing so well as cotton, it was hard to be so utterly baffled.

Mrs. Greene had unlimited faith in her friend Eli. She begged him to invent a machine which should separate the seeds of cotton from the fiber. Eli was of Northern upbringing, and had never even seen cotton in seed. He walked in to Savannah, and there, with some trouble, obtained a quantity of uncleaned cotton. He shut himself in his room, and brooded over the difficulty which he had undertaken to conquer.

All that winter Eli labored, devising, hammering, building up, rejecting, beginning afresh. He had no help.

He could not even buy tools, but had to make them with his own hands. At length his machine was completed, rude-looking, but visibly effective. Mrs. Greene invited the leading men of the state to her house. She conducted them in triumph to the building in which the machine stood. The owners of unprofitable cotton lands looked on, with a wild flash of hope lighting up their desponding hearts. Possibilities of untold wealth to each of them lay in that clumsy structure. The machine was put in motion. It was evident to all that it could perform the work of hundreds of men. Eli had gained a great victory for mankind. In that rude log hut of Georgia, Cotton was crowned King, and a new era had opened for America and the world.

Ten years after Whitney's cotton gin was invented, a huge addition was made to the cotton-growing districts of America. In 1803, Europe enjoyed a short respite from the mad Napoleon wars. France had recently acquired from Spain vast regions bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, and stretching far up the valley of the Mississippi, and westward to the Pacific. It was certain that peace in Europe would not last long. It was equally certain that when war was resumed France could not hold these possessions against the fleets of England. America wished to acquire, and was willing to pay for them. It was better to sell to the Americans, and equip soldiers with the price, than wait till England was ready to conquer. Napoleon sold, and America added Louisiana to her vast possessions.

Mark well these two events — the invention of a machine for cheaply separating the seeds of the cotton from the fiber, and the purchase of Louisiana from the French. Out of those two events flows the American history of the

next half century. Not any other event since the War of Independence, not all other events put together, have done so much to shape and determine the career of the American people.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

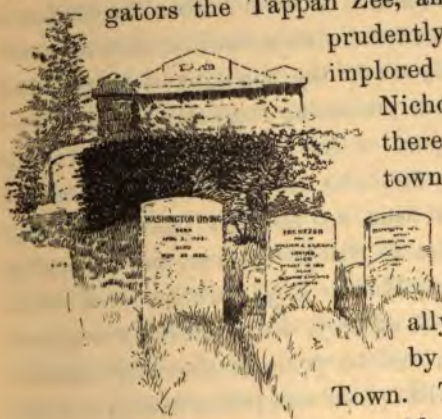
WASHINGTON IRVING

Found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker

"A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky."

— "Castle of Indolence."

IN the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that



IRVING'S GRAVE, SLEEPY
HOLLOW

as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about three miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel shooting was in a grove of tall walnut trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noontime, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is,

the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs, are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot, and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country; and the nightmare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander in chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback, without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church that is at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this specter, allege that the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the specter is known at all the country firesides by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative, to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great state of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble, riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane;

who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a state which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country school masters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green, glassy eyes, and a long, snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out,—an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eelpot. The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by and a formidable birch tree growing at one end of it.

From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard of a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command, or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man that ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity, taking the burden off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents;" and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his

pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms, helped to make hay, mended the fences, took the horses to water, drove the cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band

of chosen singers ; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation ; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little make-shifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood, being considered a kind of idle, gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sunday ! Gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overran the surrounding trees ; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones ; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill pond ; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half-itinerant life, also, he was a kind of traveling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house, so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's "History of New England Witchcraft," in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvelous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his schoolhouse, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination, — the moan of the Whippoorwill from the hillside, the boding cry of the tree toad, that harbinger of storm, the dreary hooting of the screech owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if by chance a huge block-

head of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes, and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvelous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or "Gallop^{ing} Hessian of the Hollow," as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them woefully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars; and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no specter dared to show its face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path

amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window! How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted specter, beset his very path! How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet, and dared not to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! And how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many specters in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled one evening in each week to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge, ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast ex-

pectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time, and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex; and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, — more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within these everything was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm tree spread its broad branches over it, at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel, and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that babbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church, every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night;

swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others, swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart, — sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye he pictured to himself every roasting pig running about with a pudding in his belly, and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy, and the ducks pairing cozily in dishes, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard

under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat and Indian corn, and the orchards burthened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

When he entered the house the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses, with high-ridged, but lowly sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various

uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the center of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here, rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the wall, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock oranges and conch shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the center of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant, to the castle keep, where the lady of his heart was confined, — all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the center of a Christmas pie; and

then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers who beset every portal to her heart, keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roistering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short, curly black hair, and a bluff, but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of Brom Bones, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cockfights; and, with the ascendancy which bodily strength acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic, but had more mischief than ill will in his composition; and, with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions of his own stamp, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of them

he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farmhouses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks; and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-skurry had clattered by, and then exclaimed, "Aye, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good will; and when any madcap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries; and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch that, when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking" within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a

stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit a supple-jack, — yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away — jerk, he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing master, he made frequent visits at the farmhouse; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumblingblock in the path of lovers. But Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage her poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus, while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the meantime Ichabod would carry on his suit

with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter; for a man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a hero. Certain it is this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday night, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore,—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him; he had overheard a boast of Bones that he would “double the schoolmaster up and put him on a shelf of his own schoolhouse;” and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was

something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains, smoked out his singing school by stopping up the chimney, broke into the schoolhouse at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy, so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in the presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool, whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that scepter of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the throne, a constant terror to evildoers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins, such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper gamecocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently in-

flicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master, and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of a halter. He came clattering up to the school door, with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merrymaking, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance and effort at fine language which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the Hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves; ink-stands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and, indeed, only suit of rusty black, and arranging his

locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck, and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still, he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a scepter, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called;

and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fullness of their revelry they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud, querulous note; and the twittering blackbirds, flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget and splendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red-tipped wings and yellow-tipped tail, and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light-blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster in the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast stores of apples, some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees, some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market, others heaped up in rich piles for the cider press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round sides to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the beehive, and, as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well-battered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, except that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray

and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Herr Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country: old farmers, a spare, leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles; their brisk withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside; buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation; the sons, in short, square-skirted coats with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eelskin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks, which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck; for he held a tractable, well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms

that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion, — not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white, but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughy doughnut, the tenderer oly-koek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and shortcakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies, and peach pies, and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and, moreover, delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces, not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens, together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst — Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer, and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then he

thought how soon he'd turn his back upon the old school-house, snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade.

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of music from the common room or hall summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped away on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head, bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fiber about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought St. Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes, who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their

white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cowboys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who in the battle of White Plains, being an excellent master of defense, parried a musket ball, with a small sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt: in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not

one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered, long-settled retreats, but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have traveled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts, except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The

chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite specter of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll surrounded by locust trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide, woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it even in the daytime, but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts; how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge, when the horseman suddenly

turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvelous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the Galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it, too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but, just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather; and added many marvelous events that had taken place in his native state of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only

lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chopfallen. Oh, these women! These women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival? Heaven only knows, not I! Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travels homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watchdog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of

his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills; but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bullfrog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker, the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks of ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered: it was

but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree; he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly, he heard a groan — his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle; it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road, where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod,

whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain. His steed started, it was true; but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and, besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgeled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascer-

tained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind; the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him. He endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless! But his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle. His terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip, but the specter started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin, stones flying, and sparks flashing, at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in

the air, as he stretched his long, lank body away over his horse's head in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story; and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskillful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got halfway through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind, for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches, and (unskillful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat, sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of

the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind, to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash; he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found, without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast. Dinner hour came; but no Ichabod! The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook, but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs, deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of

the brook where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half, two stocks for the neck, a pair or two of worsted stockings, an old pair of corduroy smallclothes, a rusty razor, a book of psalm tunes full of dog's ears, and a broken pitch pipe. As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community; excepting Cotton Mather's "History of Withercraft," a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper, who, from that time forward, determined to send his children no more to school, observing that he never knew any good to come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed — and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before — he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others were called to mind; and when they had

diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him: the school was removed to a different quarter of the hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time; had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten-pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story, often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason why the

road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill pond. The schoolhouse, being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the plowboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.



POSTSCRIPT

Found in the handwriting of Mr. Knickerbocker

The preceding tale is given, almost in the precise words in which I heard it related at a Corporation meeting of the ancient city of Manhattoes, at which were present many of its sagest and most illustrious burghers. The narrator was a pleasant, shabby, gentlemanly old fellow, in pepper and salt clothes, with a sadly humorous face, and one whom I strongly suspected of being poor,—he made such efforts to be entertaining. When his story was concluded, there was much laughter and approbation, particularly from two or three deputy aldermen, who had been asleep the greater part of the time. There was, however, one tall, dry-looking old gentleman, with beetling eyebrows, who maintained a grave and rather severe face

throughout, now and then folding his arms, inclining his head, and looking down upon the floor, as if turning a doubt over in his mind. He was one of your wary men, who never laugh but upon good grounds,—when they have reason and the law on their side. When the mirth of the rest of the company had subsided, and silence was restored, he leaned one arm on the elbow of his chair, and, sticking the other akimbo, demanded, with a slight but exceedingly sage motion of the head, and contraction of the brow, what was the moral of the story, and what it went to prove?

The story-teller, who was just putting a glass of wine to his lips, as a refreshment after his toils, paused for a moment, looked at his inquirer with an air of infinite deference, and, lowering the glass slowly to the table, observed that the story was intended most logically to prove:—

“That there is no situation in life but has its advantages and pleasures,—provided we will but take a joke as we find it. That, therefore, he that runs races with goblin troopers is likely to have rough riding of it. Ergo, for a country schoolmaster to be refused the hand of a Dutch heiress is a certain step to high preferment in the state.”

The cautious old gentleman knit his brows tenfold closer after this explanation, being sorely puzzled by the ratiocination of the syllogism; while, methought, the one in pepper and salt eyed him with something of a triumphant leer. At length he observed that all this was very well but still he thought the story a little on the extravagant,—there were one or two points on which he had his doubts.

“Faith, sir,” replied the story-teller, “as to that matter, I don’t believe one half of it myself.”

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

JAMES PARTON

James Parton, born in England but coming to this country when only four years old, became noted as a writer of biographies, having written the lives of Horace Greeley, Aaron Burr, Andrew Jackson, and Benjamin Franklin. He made many contributions to the various literary periodicals. He is a very pleasing writer. The following selection is taken from the life of Andrew Jackson, and gives a good idea of the style of Mr. Parton.

AT one o'clock on the morning of this memorable day (January 8, 1815), on a couch in a room of the McCarty Mansion-house, General Jackson lay asleep, in his worn uniform.

Several of his aids slept upon the floor in the same apartment, all equipped for the field, except that their sword belts were unbuckled, and their swords and pistols laid aside. A sentinel paced the adjacent passage, sentinels moved noiselessly about the building, which loomed up large, dim, and silent in the foggy night, among the darkening trees. Most of those who slept at all that night were still asleep, and there was as yet little stir in either camp to disturb their slumbers.

Dreaming of their Scottish hills and homes, their English fields and friends, may have been many brave Britons in their cold and wet bivouac. O tardy science, O Oer-



JACKSON

sted, O Morse, O Cyrus Field, why were you not ready with your Oceanic Telegraph then, to tell those men of both armies, when they woke, that they were not enemies, but friends and brothers, and send them joyful into each other's arms? The ship that bore this blessed news was still in mid-ocean, contending with its wintry winds and waves. How much would have gone differently in our history if those tidings had arrived a few weeks sooner! But it was not to be. This fight, it was the decree of Providence, was to be fought out. . . .

The suspense was soon over. Daylight struggled through the mist. About six o'clock both columns were advancing at the steady, solid, British pace to the attack; the Forty-fourth nowhere, struggling in the rear with the fascines¹ and ladders. The column soon came up with the American outposts, who at first retreated slowly before it, but soon quickened their pace, and ran in, bearing their great news, and putting every man in the works intensely on the alert; each commander anxious for the honor of first getting a glimpse of the foe, and opening fire upon him.

Lieutenant Spotts, of battery number six, was the first man in the American lines who descried through the fog the dim, red line of General Gibbs' advancing column, far away down the plain, close to the forest. The thunder of his great guns broke the dead stillness. Then there was silence again; for the shifting fog, or the altered position of the enemy, concealed him from view once more. The fog lifted again, and soon revealed both divisions, which, with their detached companies, seemed to cover

¹ *Fascines*: Bundles of rods or sticks for filling ditches.

two thirds of the plain, and gave the Americans a repetition of the splendid military spectacle which they had witnessed on the 28th of December. Three cheers from Carroll's men ; three cheers from the Kentuckians behind them ; cheers continued from the advancing column, not heard yet in the American lines.

Steadily and fast the column of General Gibbs marched toward the batteries numbered six, seven, and eight, which played upon it, at first with but occasional effect, often missing, sometimes throwing a ball right into its midst, and causing it to reel and pause for a moment. Promptly were the gaps filled up ; bravely the column came on. As they neared the lines, the well-aimed shot made more dreadful havoc, "cutting great lanes in the column from front to rear," and tossing men and parts of men aloft, or hurling them far one side.

At length, still, steady, and unbroken, they came within range of the small arms, the rifles of Carroll's Tennesseans, the muskets of Adair's Kentuckians, four lines of sharpshooters, one behind the other. General Carroll, coolly waiting for the right moment, held his fire till the enemy were within two hundred yards, and then gave the word — FIRE ! At first, with a certain deliberation, afterwards in hottest haste, always with deadly effect, the riflemen plied their terrible weapon.

The summit of the embankment was a line of spurting fire, except when the great guns showed their liquid, belching flash. The noise was peculiar, and altogether indescribable, — a rolling, bursting, echoing noise, never to be forgotten by a man that heard it. All along the whole line it blazed and rolled ; the British batteries showering

rockets over the scene; Patterson's batteries on the other side of the river joining in the hellish concert. Imagine it; ask no one to describe it. Our words were mostly made before such a scene had become possible.

The column of General Gibbs, mowed by the fire of the riflemen, still advanced, Gibbs at its head. As they caught sight of the ditch, some of the officers cried out: "Where are the Forty-fourth? If we get to the ditch, we have no means of crossing and scaling the lines!" "Here come the Forty-fourth!" shouted the general, adding, in an undertone, for his own private solace, that if he lived till to-morrow, he would hang Mullens on the highest tree in the cypress wood.

Reassured, these heroic men again pressed on, in the face of that murderous, slaughtering fire. But this could not last. With half its numbers fallen, and all its commanding officers disabled except the general, its pathway strewn with dead and wounded, and the men falling ever faster and faster, the column wavered and reeled (so the American riflemen thought) like a red ship on a tempestuous sea. About a hundred yards from the lines, the front ranks halted, and so threw the column into disorder, Gibbs shouting in the madness of vexation for them to reform and advance. There was no re-forming under such a fire. Once checked, the column could not but break and retreat in confusion. . . .

Just as the troops began to falter, General Pakenham rode up from his post in the rear, toward the head of the column. Meeting parties of the Forty-fourth running about distracted, some carrying fascines, others firing, others in headlong flight, their leader nowhere to

be seen, Pakenham strove to restore them to order, and to urge them on the way they were to go. "For shame!" he cried bitterly; "recollect that you are British soldiers. This is the road you ought to take," pointing to the flashing and roaring scene in front.

Riding on, he was soon met by General Gibbs, who said: "I am sorry to have to report to you that the troops will not obey me. They will not follow me." Taking off his hat, General Pakenham spurred his horse to the very front of the wavering column, amid a torrent of rifle balls, cheering on the troops by voice, by gesture, by example. At that moment a ball shattered his right arm, and it fell powerless to his side. The next his horse fell dead upon the field.

His aid, Captain McDougal, dismounted from his black creole pony, and Pakenham, apparently unconscious of his dangling arm, mounted again, and followed the retreating column, still calling upon them to halt and reform. A few gallant spirits ran in toward the lines, threw themselves into the ditch, plunged across it, and fell, scrambling up the sides of the soft and slippery breastwork.

Once out of the reach of those terrible rifles, the column halted, and gained its self-possession. Laying aside their heavy knapsacks, the men prepared for a second and more resolute advance. They were encouraged, too, by seeing the superb Highlanders marching up in solid phalanx to their support, with a front of a hundred men, their bayonets glittering in the sun, which had then begun to pierce the morning mist. Now for an irresistible onset!

At a quicker step, with General Gibbs on its right, General Pakenham on the left, the Highlanders in clear

and imposing view, the column again advanced into the fire. Oh! The slaughter that then ensued! There was one moment, when that thirty-two pounder, loaded to the muzzle with musket balls, poured its charge directly, at point-blank range, right into the head of the column, literally leveling it with the plain; laying low, as was afterward computed, two hundred men. The American line, as one of the British officers remarked, looked like a row of fiery furnaces.

The heroic Pakenham had not far to go to meet his doom. He was three hundred yards from the lines, when the real nature of his enterprise seemed to flash upon him, and he turned to Sir John Tilden and said, "Order up the reserve." Then, seeing the Highlanders advancing to the support of General Gibbs, he, still waving his hat, but waving it now with his left hand, cried out, "Hurrah! Brave Highlanders!"

At that moment a mass of grapeshot, with a terrible crash, struck the group of which he was the central figure. One of these shots tore open the general's thigh, killed his horse, and brought horse and rider to the ground. Captain McDougal caught the general in his arms, removed him from the fallen horse, and was supporting him from the field, when a second shot struck the wounded man in the groin, depriving him instantly of consciousness. He was borne to the rear, and placed in the shade of an old live oak, which still stands; and there, after gasping a few minutes, yielded up his life without a word, happily ignorant of the sad issue of all his plans and toils.

A more painful fate was that of General Gibbs. A few moments after Pakenham fell, Gibbs received his death wound, and was carried off the field, writhing in agony

and uttering fierce imprecations. He lingered all that day and the succeeding night, dying in torment on the morrow. Nearly at the same moment, General Keane was painfully wounded in the neck and thigh, and was also borne to the rear. Colonel Dale, of the Highlanders, fulfilled his prophecy, and fell at the head of his regiment.

The Highlanders, under Major Creagh, wavered not, but advanced steadily, and too slowly, into the very tempest of General Carroll's fire, until they were within one hundred yards of the lines. There, for cause unknown, they halted and stood, a huge, glittering target, until five hundred and forty-four of their number had fallen, then broke and fled, in horror and amazement, to the rear. The column of General Gibbs did not advance after the fall of their leader. Leaving heaps of slain behind them, they, too, forsook the bloody field, rushed in utter confusion out of the fire, and took refuge at the bottom of wet ditches and behind trees and bushes on the borders of the swamp. . . .

The whole was like a dream. How long a time, does the reader think, elapsed between the fire of the first American gun and the total rout of the attacking columns? Twenty-five minutes! Not that the American fire ceased, or even slackened at the expiration of that period. The riflemen on the left, and the troops on the right, continued to discharge their weapons into the smoke that hung over the plain for two hours. But in the space of twenty-five minutes, the discomfiture of the enemy in the open field was complete. The battery alone still made resistance. It required two hours of tremendous cannonade to silence its great guns, and drive its defenders to the rear.

EVACUATION OF RICHMOND

EDWARD A. POLLARD

Edward A. Pollard wrote "The Lost Cause," and other articles relating to the Civil War, all written from the Southern standpoint.

MEN, women, and children rushed from the churches, passing from lip to lip news of the impending fall of Richmond. And yet it was difficult to believe it. To look up to the calm, beautiful sky of that spring day, unassailed by one single noise of battle; to watch the streets unvexed by artillery or troops, stretching away into the quiet, hazy atmosphere, and believe that the capital of the Confederacy, so peaceful, so apparently secure, was in a few hours to be the prey of the enemy, and to be wrapped in the infernal horrors of a conflagration!

It was late in the afternoon when the signs of evacuation became apparent to the incredulous. Wagons on the streets were being hastily loaded at the departments with boxes, trunks, etc., and driven to the Danville depot. Those who had determined to leave with the fugitive government looked on with amazement; then, convinced of the fact, rushed to follow the government's example. Vehicles suddenly rose to a premium that was astounding; and ten, fifteen, and even a hundred dollars, in gold or Federal currency, was offered for a conveyance.

Suddenly, as if by magic, the streets became filled with men, walking as though for a wager, and behind them excited negroes with trunks, bundles, and luggage of every description. All over the city it was the same—wagons, trunks, bandboxes, and their owners, a mass of

hurrying fugitives, filling the streets. The banks were all open, and depositors were as busy as bees removing their specie deposits; and the directors were equally active in getting off their bullion. Hundreds of thousands of dollars of paper money were destroyed, both state and Confederate.

Night came; and with it came confusion worse confounded. There was no sleep for human eyes in Richmond that night. The City Council had met in the evening, and resolved to destroy all the liquor in the city, to avoid the disorder consequent on the temptation to drink at such a time. About the hour of midnight the work commenced under the direction of committees of citizens in all the wards. Hundreds of barrels of liquor were rolled into the street, and the heads knocked in. The gutters ran with a liquor freshet, and the fumes filled and impregnated the air. Fine cases of bottled liquors were tossed into the streets from third-story windows, and wrecked into a thousand pieces.

As the work progressed, some straggling soldiers, retreating through the city, managed to get hold of a quantity of the liquor. From that moment, law and order ceased to exist. Many of the stores were pillaged; and the sidewalks were encumbered with broken glass, where the thieves had smashed the windows in their reckless haste to lay hands on the plunder within. The air was filled with wild cries of distress, or the yells of roving pillagers.

But a more terrible element was to appear upon the scene. An order had been issued from General Ewell's headquarters, to fire the four principal tobacco warehouses of the city—namely, the public warehouse, situated at

the head of the basin, near the Pittsburg railroad depot; Shockoe warehouse, situated near the center of the city, side by side with the Gallego flour mills; Mayo's warehouse ; and Debrell's warehouse, on Cary street, a square below Libby Prison.

Late in the night, Mayor Mayo had dispatched, by a committee of citizens, a remonstrance against this reckless military order, which plainly put in jeopardy the whole business portion of Richmond. It was not heeded. Nothing was left for the citizens but to submit to the destruction of their property. The warehouses were fired. The rams on the James River were blown up. The *Richmond, Virginia*, and another one were all blown to the four winds of heaven. The *Patrick Henry*, a receiving ship, was scuttled. Such shipping, very little in amount, as was lying at the Richmond wharves, was also fired, save the flag-of-truce steamer *Allison*. The bridges leading out of the city were also fired, and were soon wrapped in flames.

Morning broke upon a scene such as those who witnessed it can never forget. The roar of an immense conflagration sounded in their ears, tongues of flame leaped from street to street; and in this baleful glare were to be seen, as of demons, the figures of busy plunderers, moving, pushing, rioting, through the black smoke, and into the open street, bearing away every conceivable sort of plunder. The scene at the commissary depot, at the head of the dock, beggared description. Hundreds of government wagons were loaded with bacon, flour, and whisky, and driven off in hot haste to join the retreating army.

Thronging about the depot were hundreds of men, women, and children, black and white, provided with ca-

pacious bags, baskets, tubs, buckets, tin pans, and aprons; cursing, pushing, and crowding; awaiting the throwing open of the doors and the order for each to help himself. About sunrise, the doors were opened to the populace; and a rush that almost seemed to carry the building off its foundation was made, and hundreds of thousands of pounds of bacon, flour, etc., were soon swept away by a clamorous crowd.

NOW

CHARLES R. SKINNER

By Permission

Mr. Skinner was long identified with the educational work of the state of New York. For six years he was Deputy Superintendent of Public Instruction, three years Supervisor of Training Classes and Teachers' Institutes, and nine years Superintendent of Public Instruction.

IF you have hard work to do,
Do it now.
To-day the skies are clear and blue,
To-morrow clouds may come in view,
Yesterday is not for you,
Do it now.

If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now.
Let the notes of gladness ring,
Clear as song of bird in spring,
Let every day some gladness bring,
Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say,
Say them now.

To-morrow may not come your way,
Do a kindness while you may,
Loved ones will not always stay,
Say them now.

If you have a smile to show,
Show it now.

Make hearts happy — roses grow,
Let the friends around you know
The love you have before they go,
Show it now.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river:
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore the great god Pan,
While turbid ran the river;

And hack'd and hew'd as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notch'd the poor dry empty thing
In holes as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laugh'd the great god Pan
(Laugh'd while he sat by the river,)
"The only way since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies reviv'd, and the dragon fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man;
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain, —
For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

A FAREWELL

CHARLES KINGSLEY

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray :
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long :
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

THE SHANDON BELLS

FRANCIS MAHONY

WITH deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Toiling sublime in
 Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate —
But all their music
 Spoke naught like thine ;
For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry, knelling
 Its bold notes free
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
 From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
 Of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
 Pealing solemnly:
Oh! The bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on

A FAREWELL

CHARLES KINGSLEY

MY fairest child, I have no song
 No lark could pipe to skies
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can
 For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will
 Do noble things, not dream that I
 And so make life, death, and the world
 One grand, sweet dream.

THE SHANDON BELLS

FRANCIS MARSH

WITH deep sound on
 And round on
 I often think of
 Those Shandon bells.
 Whose sound
 In the days of
 Flung round
 Their note
 On this I saw the sun rose, —
 Where'er I was a time,
 And thus in amethyst,
 Sweet squirrels ran.
 With thy hat their bonnets,
 That sound on
 The place of myself,
 Of the sun."

know not.
 to stile
 boys and girls
 the while
 reached the other side,
 my
 the evening bars,
 back away.

W IDEA OF EDUCATION

HARLES DICKENS

Want is Facts. Teach these boys and
 dog but Facts. Facts alone are wanted
 only form the minds of reasoning animals
 thing else will ever be of any service to
 the principle on which I bring up my own
 "Stuck to Facts, sir ; nothing but Facts."
 and the schoolmaster, and the third grown
 went, all backed a little, and swept with their
 outlined plane of little vessels then and there
 in order, ready to have gallons of facts poured
 until they were full to the brim.
 Thomas Gradgrind, sir. A man of realities. A man
 and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the
 simple that two and two are four, and nothing over,
 and who is not to be talked into allowing for anything
 over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir, with a rule and a pair of
 scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket,
 sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human
 nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to.

It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind, but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind—no, sir!”

Indeed, he seemed to be a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts.

“Girl number twenty,” said Mr. Gradgrind, squarely pointing with his square forefinger. “I don’t know that girl. Who is that girl?”

“Sissy Jupe, sir,” explained number twenty, blushing, standing up, and curtsying.

“Sissy is not a name,” said Mr. Gradgrind. “Don’t call yourself Sissy. Call yourself Cecilia.”

“Father calls me Sissy, sir,” returned the young girl in a trembling voice, and with another curtsy.

“Then he has no business to do it,” said Mr. Gradgrind. “Tell him he mustn’t. Cecilia Jupe. Let me see. What is your father?”

“He belongs to the horse riding, if you please, sir.”

Mr. Gradgrind frowned, and waved off the objectionable calling with his hand.

“We don’t want to know anything about that, here. You mustn’t tell us about that, here. Your father breaks horses, don’t he?”

“If you please, sir, when they can get any to break, they do break horses in the ring, sir.”

“You mustn’t tell us about the ring, here. Very well, then. Describe your father as a horse breaker. He doctors sick horses, I dare say.”

"O yes, sir!"

"Very well, then. He is a veterinary surgeon, a farrier, and a horse breaker. Give me your definition of a horse." Sissy Jupe was thrown into the greatest alarm by this demand.

"Girl number twenty unable to define a horse!" said Mr. Gradgrind. "Girl number twenty possessed of no facts, in reference to one of the commonest of animals! Some boy's definition of a horse. — Bitzer, yours."

The square finger, moving here and there, lighted suddenly on Bitzer, perhaps because he chanced to sit in the same ray of sunlight which irradiated Sissy.

"Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind, "your definition of a horse."

"Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely, twenty-four grinders, four eyeteeth, and twelve incisors. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in the mouth."

"Now, girl number twenty," said Mr. Gradgrind, "you know what a horse is."

She curtsied again, and would have blushed deeper, if she could have blushed deeper than she had blushed all this time.

The third gentleman now stepped forth. A mighty man at cutting and drying, was he; a government officer; always in training, always with a system to force down the general throat, always to be heard of at the bar of his little public office.

"Very well," said this gentleman, briskly, smiling and folding his arms. "That's a horse. Now, let me ask

you, girls and boys, would you paper a room with representations of horses?"

After a pause, one half the children cried in a chorus, "Yes, sir!" upon which the other half, seeing in the gentleman's face that "yes" was wrong, cried out in a chorus, "No, sir!" — as the custom is in these examinations. "Of course not, why wouldn't you?"

A pause. One corpulent, slow boy, with a wheezy manner of breathing, ventured to answer, "Because I wouldn't paper a room at all, I'd paint it."

"You *must* paper it," said the gentleman, rather warmly.

"Yes, you must paper it," said Thomas Gradgrind, "whether you like it or not. Don't tell *us* you wouldn't paper it. What do you mean, boy?"

"I'll explain to you, then," said the gentleman, after a dismal pause, "why you wouldn't paper a room with representations of horses. Do you ever see horses walking up and down the sides of a room in reality, — in fact? Do you?"

"Yes, sir," from one half. "No, sir," from the other.

"Of course not," said the gentleman, with an indignant look at the wrong half. "Why, then, you are not to see anywhere what you don't see in fact; you are not to have anywhere what you don't have in fact. What is called taste is only another name for fact. This is a new principle, a discovery, a great discovery," said the gentleman. "Now I'll try you again. Suppose you were going to carpet a room, would you use a carpet having a representation of flowers upon it?"

There being a general conviction by this time that

"No, sir," was always the right answer to this gentleman, the chorus of "no," was very strong. Only a few feeble stragglers said "yes;" among them Sissy Jupe.

"Girl number twenty," said the gentleman, smiling, in the calm strength of knowledge.

Sissy blushed and stood up.

"So you would carpet your room with representations of flowers, would you?" said the gentleman. "Why would you?"

"If you please, sir, I am very fond of flowers," returned the girl.

"And is that why you would put tables and chairs upon them, and have people walking over them with heavy boots?"

"It wouldn't hurt them, sir. They wouldn't crush and wither, if you please, sir. They would be the pictures of what was very pretty and pleasant, and I fancy"—

"Aye, aye, aye! But you mustn't fancy," cried the gentleman, quite elated by coming so happily to his point. "That's it! You are never to fancy."

"You are not, Cecilia Jupe," Thomas Gradgrind solemnly repeated, "to do anything of that kind."

"You are to be in all things regulated and governed," said the gentleman, "by Fact. You must discard the word 'fancy' altogether. You have nothing to do with it. You don't walk upon flowers in fact; you cannot be allowed to walk upon flowers in carpets. You never meet with quadrupeds going up and down the walls; you must not have quadrupeds represented upon walls. You must use," said the gentleman, "for all these

purposes, combinations, and modifications (in primary colors) of mathematical figures which are susceptible of proof and demonstration. This is the new discovery. This is fact. This is taste."

HEAVEN IS NOT REACHED AT A SINGLE BOUND

JOSIAH G. HOLLAND

Mr. Holland was a very popular author and lecturer. His poetry was pure and sweet. "Bitter Sweet," and "Kathrina" are his two most popular poems. His stories always have a strong moral purpose. "Arthur Bonnicastle," and "The Story of Seven Oaks" are the most widely read of all his works of fiction.

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God, —
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

A MODEST WIT

SELLECK OSBORNE

A SUPERCILIOUS nabob of the East —
Haughty, being great — purse-proud, being rich —
A governor, or general, at the least
I have forgotten which —

Had in his family a humble youth,
Who went from England in his patron's suite,
An unassuming boy, in truth
A lad of decent parts, and good repute. .

This youth had sense and spirit;
But yet with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine
His honor, proudly free, severely merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "by what art, craft, or trade,
Did your good father gain a livelihood?" —
"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
"And in his time was reckoned good."

"A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to sew!
Pray, why did not your father make
A saddler, sir, of you?"

Each courtier, then, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.
At length Modestus, bowing low,
Said (craving pardon, if too free he made,)
"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
Your father's trade!"

"My father's trade! By heaven, that's too bad!
My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low —
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

"Excuse the liberty I take,"
Modestus said, with archness on his brow,
"Pray, why did not your father make
A gentleman of you?"

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me; sure it still
Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

HUMAN PROGRESS

J. HAGAN

ALL is action, all is motion,
In this mighty world of ours!
Like the current of the ocean,
Man is urged by unseen powers.

Steadily, but strongly moving,
Life is onward evermore;
Still the present is improving
On the age that went before.

Duty points with outstretched fingers,
Every soul to action high;
Woe betide the soul that lingers —
Onward! *Onward!* is the cry.

Though man's form may seem victorious,
War may waste and famine blight,
Still from out the conflict glorious,
Mind comes forth with added light.

O'er the darkest night of sorrow,
From the deadliest field of strife,
Dawns a clearer, brighter morrow,
Springs a truer nobler life.

Onward ! *Onward ! Onward !* Ever !
Human progress none may stay ;
All who make the vain endeavor,
Shall, like chaff, be swept away.

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII

CHARLES KINGSLEY

VOLCANOES can never be trusted. No one knows when one will break out, or what it will do ; and those who live close to them — as the city of Naples is close to Mount Vesuvius — must not be astonished if they are blown up or swallowed, as that great and beautiful city of Naples may be, without a warning any day.

For what happened to that same Mount Vesuvius about eighteen hundred years ago in the old Roman times ? For ages and ages it had been lying quiet like any other hill. Beautiful cities were built at its foot — cities filled with people who were as handsome and as comfortable and, I am afraid, as wicked as any people ever were on earth. Fair gardens, vineyards, and olive yards covered the mountain slopes. It was held to be one of the paradises of the world.

As for the mountain's being a volcano, who ever thought of that ? To be sure, the top of it was a great round crater, or cup, a mile or more across, and a few hundred yards deep. But that was all overgrown with bushes and wild vines full of deer and other wild animals. What sign of fire was there in that ? To be sure, also, there was an ugly place below, by the seashore, where smoke and brimstone came out of the ground ; and a lake called Avernus, over

which poisonous gases hung. But what of that? It had never harmed any one, and how could it harm them?

So they all lived on, merrily and happily enough, till the year A.D. 79. At that time there was stationed in the Bay of Naples a Roman admiral, called Pliny, who was also a very studious and learned man, and author of a famous book on natural history. He was staying on shore with his sister; and as he sat in his study, she called him out to see a strange cloud which had been hanging for some time over the top of Mount Vesuvius. It was in shape just like a pine tree; not, of course, like the pines which grow in this country, but like an Italian stone pine, with a long straight stem and a flat parasol-shaped top.

Sometimes it was blackish, sometimes spotted; and the good Admiral Pliny, who was always curious about natural science, ordered his rowboat and went away across the bay to see what it could be. Earthquake shocks had been very common for the last few days, but I do not suppose that Pliny thought that the earthquakes and the cloud had anything to do with each other. However, he soon found out that they had; and to his cost. When he was near the opposite shore, some of the sailors met him and begged him to turn back. Cinders and pumice stones were falling down from the sky, and flames were breaking out of the mountain above. But Pliny would go on: he said that if people were in danger, it was his duty to help them; and that he must see this strange cloud, and note down the different shapes into which it changed.

But the hot ashes fell faster and faster; the sea ebbed out suddenly, and almost left them on the beach; and Pliny turned away toward a place called Stabiae, to the

house of an old friend who was just going to escape in a boat. Brave Pliny told him not to be afraid ; ordered his bath like a true Roman gentleman, and then went in to dinner with a cheerful face. Flames came down from the mountain nearer and nearer as the night drew on ; but Pliny persuaded his friend that they were only fires in some villages from which the peasants had fled ; and then went to bed and slept soundly.

However, in the middle of the night, they found the courtyard being fast filled with cinders, and if they had not awakened the Admiral in time, he would never have been able to get out of the house.

The earthquake shocks grew stronger and fiercer, till the house was ready to fall ; and Pliny and his friend, and the sailors and the slaves, all fled into the open fields, having pillows over their heads to prevent their being beaten down. By this time the day had come, but not the dawn ; for it was still pitch dark. They went down to their boats upon the shore ; but the sea raged so horribly that there was no getting on board of them.

Then Pliny grew tired and made his men spread a sail for him that he might lie down upon it. But there came down upon them a rush of flames and a strong smell of sulphur, and all ran for their lives.

Some of the slaves tried to help the Admiral ; but he sank down again, overpowered by the brimstone fumes, and so was left behind. When they came back again, there he lay dead ; but with his clothes in order, and his face as quiet as though he had only been sleeping. And that was the end of a brave and learned man, a martyr to duty and to the love of science.

But what was going on in the meantime? Under clouds of ashes, cinders, mud, lava, three of those happy cities — Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabiae — were buried at once.

They were buried just as the people had fled from them, leaving the furniture and the earthenware, often even jewels and gold, behind, and here and there a human being who had not had time to escape from the dreadful rain of ashes and dust.

The ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii have been dug into since, and partly uncovered; and the paintings, especially in Pompeii, are found upon the walls still fresh, preserved from the air by the ashes which have covered them. At Naples there is a famous museum containing the curiosities which have been dug out of the ruined cities; and one can walk along the streets in Pompeii and see the wheel tracks in the pavement along which carts and chariots rolled two thousand years ago.

And what had become of Vesuvius, the treacherous mountain? Half, or more than half, of the side of the old crater had been blown away; and what was left, which is now called the Monte Somma, stands in a half circle round the new cone and the new crater which is burning at this very day. True, after that eruption which killed Pliny, Vesuvius fell asleep again, and did not awake for one hundred and thirty-four years, and then again for two hundred and sixty-nine years; but it has been growing more and more restless as the ages have passed on, and now hardly a year passes without its sending out smoke and stones from its crater, and streams of lava from its sides.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

N. P. WILLIS

I LOVE to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray ;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old —
That my heart is ripe for the reaper Death,
And my years are well-nigh told.
It is very true — it is very true —
I am old, and I "bide my time,"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this
And I half renew my prime.

Play on ! Play on ! I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring ;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go —
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low ;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way ;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness
To see the young so gay.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

THOMAS HOOD

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born ;
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily cups —
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday, —
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,

And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

L'ENVOI

RUDYARD KIPLING

Rudyard Kipling has written much that no one can afford to miss. He has written for the old, the young, and the middle-aged. His "Jungle Books," "Kim," many of his poems, and numerous other works are worth reading again and again.

WHEN Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are
twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic
has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it — lie down for
an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work
anew !

And those who were good shall be happy : they shall sit
in a golden chair ;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of
comet's hair ;
They shall find real saints to draw from — Magdalene,
Peter, and Paul ;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired
at all !

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master
shall blame ;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work
for fame ;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in a separate
star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees It for the God of Things
as They Are.

DEATH OF LITTLE NELL

CHARLES DICKENS

SHE was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free
from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She
seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting
for the breath of life ; not one who had lived and suffered
death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some
winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had
been used to favor. " When I die, put near me something
that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always."
Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was

dead. Her little bird, a poor slight thing, which the pressure of a finger would have crushed, was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child mistress was mute and motionless forever. Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born — imaged — in her tranquil beauty and profound repose. And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change.

Yes; the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face, which had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care. At the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, and at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look.

The old man took one languid arm in his, and held the small hand to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile, — the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the flowers she had loved, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday, could know her no more.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She

died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but, as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man: they were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped and used them kindly; for she often said "God bless you!" with great fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once; and that was at beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sleep she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face — such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget, — and clung with both arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead at first.

She had spoken very often of the two sisters, who, she said, were like dear friends to her. She wished they could be told how much she thought about them, and how she had watched them as they walked together by the river side. She would like to see poor Kit, she had often said of late. She wished there was somebody to take her love to Kit, and even then she never thought or spoke about him but with something of her old, clear, merry laugh.

For the rest, she had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and a manner quite unaltered, save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them, she faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried

flowers, which he asked them to lay upon her breast. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he sat alone by his younger brother all day long, when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near to him.

They let him have his wish; and, indeed, he kept his word; and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all. Up to that time the old man had not spoken once, — except to her, — or stirred from the bedside. But, when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer.

Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time; and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together. Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came when they must move her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him.

And now the bell — the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to it with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice — rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth — on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life — to gather round her tomb.

Old men were there whose eyes were dim and senses failing; grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago and still been old; the deaf, the blind, the lame,

the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, were there, to see the closing of that early grave. Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been as fleeting.

Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again ; and the old church received her in its quiet shade. They carried her to an old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window, — a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust ! Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath ; many a stifled sob was heard. Some — and they were not a few — knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the stone should be replaced.

One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold ; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower stair with no more light than that of the moon rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick old walls.

A whisper went about among the oldest there that she had seen and talked with angels ; and, when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed. Thus coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place, when the bright moon poured her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all, it seemed to them upon her quiet grave—in that calm time when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fear are humbled in the dust before them,—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

LORD BYRON

THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when the Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beaten surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail,
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broken in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

LEIGH HUNT

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal
sport,

And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the court ;
The nobles filled the benches, with ladies in their pride,
And 'mong them sat the Count de Lorge with one for
whom he sighed :

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning
show,
Valor, and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts
below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws ;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went
with their paws ;
With wallowing might and stifled roar then rolled on one
another,
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous
smother ;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through
the air ;
Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here
than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, — a beauteous lively
dame
With smiling lips and sharp, bright eyes, which always
seemed the same :
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave
can be ;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of
me ;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on ; the occasion is divine ;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love ; great glory will be
mine."

She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then looked at
him and smiled ;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild ;
His leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained his
place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the
lady's face.

“Well done!” cried Francis, “bravely done!” and he rose from where he sat :

“No love,” quoth he, “but vanity, sets love a task like that.”

TAXES! TAXES!

SIDNEY SMITH

JOHN BULL can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory: — TAXES! *taxes* upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under foot; taxes upon everything which is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth; on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man’s appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man’s salt, and the rich man’s spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride; — at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay.

The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; — and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent, into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent, and makes his will on an eight-pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary

who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers, — to be taxed no more.

In addition to all this, the habit of dealing with large sums will make the Government avaricious and profuse; and the system itself will infallibly generate the base vermin of spies and informers, and a still more pestilent race of political tools and retainers of the meanest and most odious description; while the prodigious patronage which the collection of this splendid revenue will throw into the hands of Government, will invest it with so vast an influence, and hold out such means and temptations to corruption, as all the virtue and public spirit, even of Republicans, will be unable to resist. Every wise Jonathan should remember this.

THE FRETFUL MAN

WILLIAM COWPER

SOME fretful tempers wince at every touch;
You always do too little or too much;
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain;
Your elevated voice goes through the brain.
You fall at once into a lower key; —
That's worse, the dronepipe of a bumblebee.
The southern sash admits too strong a light;
You rise and drop the curtain, — now 'tis night.

He shakes with cold; you stir the fire, and strive
To make a blaze; that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
With sole; — that's just the sort he would not wish.

He takes what he at first professed to loathe,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him vain on every plan,
Himself should work that wonder, if he can.

Alas, his efforts double his distress.
He likes yours little, and his own still less;
Thus, always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is — to be displeased.

THE MISER

CHARLES DICKENS

MARLEY was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a doornail. I might have been inclined myself, to regard a coffin nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the

trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disturb it, or the country's done for. You will, therefore, permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event, but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterward, above the warehouse door; Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge, Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

Oh, but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone! A squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; heated his office in dog days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain and snow and hail and sleet could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often came down handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children ever asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time — of all the good days in the year, upon Christmas Eve — old Scrooge sat busy in his counting house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather: foggy withal: and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three,

but it was quite dark already—it had not been light all day—and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without, that, although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's countinghouse was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a little dismal cell beyond, a sort of a tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he could not replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of strong imagination, he failed.

TIRED OF PLAY

N. P. WILLIS

TIRED of play! Tired of play!
What hast thou done this livelong day?
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree;
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves;

Twilight gathers, and day is done:
How hast thou spent it — restless one?
Playing? But what hast thou done beside
To tell thy mother at eventide?
What promise of morn is left unbroken?
What kind word to thy playmate spoken?
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven?
How with thy faults has duty striven?
What hast thou learn'd by field and hill,
By greenwood path, and by singing rill?

There will come an eve to a longer day,
That will find thee tired, but not of play;
And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now,
With drooping limbs and aching brow,
And wish the shadows would faster creep,
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.
Well were it then if thine aching brow
Were as free from sin and shame as now!
Well for thee if thy lip could tell
A tale like this, of a day spent well.
If thine open hand hath relieved distress —
If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness —
If thou hast forgiven the sore offense,
And humbled thy heart with penitence —
If Nature's voices have spoken with thee
With her holy meanings eloquently —
If every creature hath won thy love,
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove —
If never a sad, low-spoken word
Hath plead with thy human heart unheard —

Then, when the night steals on, as now,
It will bring relief to thine aching brow,
And, with joy and peace at the thought of rest,
Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

MRS. ALEXANDER

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulcher,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth —
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;

So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyry,
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallow'd spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell the battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor, —
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, oh, wondrous thought!
Before the Judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.

God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him he loved so well.

ROME AND CARTHAGE

VICTOR HUGO

ROME, like the eagle, her formidable symbol, spreads her wings, displays her powerful talons, seizes the lightning, and takes her flight. Carthage is the sun of the world; it is on Carthage that her eyes are fixed. Carthage is mistress of seas. Carthage is mistress of peoples. She is a magnificent city, full of splendor and opulence, glowing at every point with the strange arts of the Orient.

Her inhabitants are polished, refined, finished, and lack nothing that labor, men, and time can command. In a word, she is the metropolis of Africa, and at the height of her culture; she can mount no higher, and every step onward will now be downward. Rome, on the contrary, has nothing. She is half savage, half barbarous. She has her education and her fortune alike to gain. All is before her; nothing, behind.

Long the two nations are face to face. The one suns herself in her glory; the other is growing in obscurity. But, little by little, air and place are needed by both for development. Rome begins to crowd Carthage; for long has Carthage pressed on Rome. Seated on the opposite shores of the Mediterranean, the two cities look one another in the eye. This sea no longer suffices to separate

them. Europe and Africa are in the balance, weighing one against the other. Like two overcharged electric clouds, they approach too near each other. They are eager to mingle their lightnings. Here is the climax of this sublime drama.

What actors are before us! Two races, — this one, of merchants and sailors; that one, of farmers and soldiers; two peoples, one ruling by gold, one ruling by iron; two republics, one theocratic, one aristocratic; Rome and Carthage; Rome with her army, Carthage with her fleet; Carthage, old, rich, and crafty; Rome, young, poor, and strong; the past and the future; the spirit of discovery and the spirit of conquest; the genius of travel and commerce, the demon of war and ambition; the east and the south on one side, the west and the north on the other; in short, two worlds, the civilization of Africa and the civilization of Europe.

Each takes full measure of the other. Their attitudes before the conflict are equally formidable. Rome, within the narrow confines of her world, gathers all her forces, all her tribes. Carthage, who holds in her power Spain, Armorica, and that Britain that the Romans believed to be at the end of the universe, is ready to board the European ship.

The battle flames blaze forth. In coarse, strong lines, Rome copies the navy of her rival. The war at once breaks forth in the peninsula and the islands. Rome collides with Carthage in that Sicily where Greece and Egypt had already met, in that Spain where, later yet, Europe and Africa met in contest, the east and the west, the south and the north.

Little by little the combat thickens, — the world takes fire. It is a hand-to-hand fight of Titans, who seize one another, and quit their hold only to seize each other again. They meet again, and are mutually repulsed. Carthage crosses the Alps; Rome passes the sea. The two nations, personified in their two leaders, Hannibal and Scipio, each grasping the other with fury, strive to end the conflict. It is a duel without quarter, a combat to the death. Rome reels; she utters the cry of anguish, "Hannibal at the gates!" . . . But once again she rises, gathers her forces for a last blow, hurls herself on Carthage, and destroys her from the face of the earth.

THE LABORERS

FROM THE GERMAN

YOU cannot pay with money
The million sons of toil —
The sailor on the ocean,
The peasant on the soil,
The laborer in the quarry,
The hewer of the coal;
Your money pays the hand,
But it cannot pay the soul.

You gaze on the cathedral
Whose turrets meet the sky:
Remember the foundations
That in earth and darkness lie:

For, were not those foundations
So darkly resting there,
Yon towers up could never soar
So proudly in the air.

The workshop must be crowded,
That the palace may be bright;
If the plowman did not plow,
Then the poet could not write.
Then let every toil be hallowed
That man performs for man,
And have its share of honor
As part of one great plan.

See, light darts down from heaven,
And enters where it may;
The eyes of all earth's people
Are cheered with one bright day.
And let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill the souls of men,
As waters fill the sea.

What cheers the musing student?
The poet, the divine?
The thought that, for his followers,
A brighter day will shine.
Let every human laborer
Enjoy the vision bright;
Let the thought that comes from heaven,
Be spread like heaven's own light!

Ye men who hold the pen,
Rise like a band inspired;
And, poets, let your lyrics
With hope of man be fired;
Till the earth becomes a temple,
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

HARVEY BIRCH

J. FENIMORE COOPER

From "The Spy"

"WELL, Tom, a slanderous propensity is incurable — but," stretching forward his body in the direction he was gazing, as if to aid him in distinguishing objects through the darkness, "what animal is moving through the field on our right?"

"'Tis a man," said Mason, looking intently at the suspicious object.

"By his hump 'tis a dromedary!" added the captain, eying it keenly. Wheeling his horse suddenly from the highway, he exclaimed — "Harvey Birch! — Take him, dead or alive!"

Mason and a few of the leading dragoons only, understood the sudden cry, but it was heard throughout the line. A dozen of the men, with the lieutenant at their head, followed the impetuous Lawton, and their speed threatened the pursued with a sudden termination of the race.

Birch prudently kept his position on the rock, where he had been seen by the passing glance of Henry Wharton, until evening had begun to shroud the surrounding objects in darkness. From this height he had seen all the events of the day as they occurred. He had watched, with a beating heart, the departure of the troops under Dunwoodie, and with difficulty had curbed his impatience until the obscurity of night should render his moving free from danger. He had not, however, completed a fourth of his way to his own residence, when his quick ear distinguished the tread of approaching horse. Trusting to the increasing darkness, he determined to persevere. By crouching and moving quickly along the surface of the ground, he hoped yet to escape unseen. Captain Lawton was too much engrossed with the foregoing conversation to suffer his eyes to indulge in their usual wanderings, and the peddler, perceiving by the voices that the enemy he most feared had passed, yielded to his impatience, and stood erect, in order to make greater progress.

The moment his body arose above the shadow of the ground it was seen, and the chase commenced. For a single instant Birch was helpless, his blood curdling in his veins at the imminence of his danger, and his legs refusing their natural and necessary office. But it was only for a moment. Casting his pack where he stood, and instinctively tightening the belt he wore, the peddler betook himself to flight. He knew that by bringing himself in a line with his pursuers and the wood his form would be lost to sight. This he soon effected, and he was straining every nerve to gain the wood itself, when several horsemen rode by him but a short distance on his left, and cut him off

from this place of refuge. The peddler threw himself on the ground as they came near him, and was passed unseen. But delay now became too dangerous for him to remain in that position. He accordingly arose, and still keeping in the shadow of the wood, along the skirts of which he heard voices crying to each other to be watchful, he ran with incredible speed in a parallel line, but in an opposite direction, to the march of the dragoons.

The confusion of the chase had been heard by the whole of the men, though none distinctly understood the order of Lawton but those who followed. The remainder were lost in doubt as to the duty that was required of them; and the aforesaid cornet was making eager inquiries of the trooper near him, on the subject, when a man, a short distance in the rear, crossed the road at a single bound. At the same instant the stentorian voice of Lawton rang through the valley, shouting: —

“Harvey Birch — take him, dead or alive!”

Fifty pistols lighted the scene, and bullets whistled in every direction around the head of the devoted peddler. A feeling of despair filled his heart, and in the bitterness of that moment he exclaimed: —

“Hunted like a beast of the forest!”

He felt life and its accompaniments to be a burden, and was about to yield himself to his enemies. Nature, however, prevailed. If taken, there was great reason to apprehend that he would not be honored with the forms of a trial, but that most probably the morning sun would witness his ignominious execution; for he had already been condemned to death, and had already escaped the fate by stratagem. These considerations, with the approaching

footsteps of his pursuers, roused him to new exertions. He again fled before them. A fragment of a wall, that had withstood the ravages made by war in the adjoining fences of wood, fortunately crossed his path. He hardly had time to throw his exhausted limbs over this barrier before twenty of his enemies reached its opposite side. Their horses refused to take the leap in the dark, and amid the confusion of the rearing chargers, and the execrations of their riders, Birch was enabled to gain a sight of the base of the hill, on whose summit was a place of perfect security.

The heart of the peddler now beat high with hope when the voice of Captain Lawton again rang in his ears, shouting to his men to make room. The order was obeyed, and the fearless trooper rode at the wall at the top of his horse's speed, plunged the rowels in his charger, and flew over the obstacle in safety. The triumphant hurrahs of the men, and the thundering tread of the horse, too plainly assured the peddler of the emergency of his danger. He was nearly exhausted, and his fate no longer seemed doubtful.

"Stop or die!" was uttered above his head, and in fearful proximity to his ears.

Harvey stole a glance over his shoulder, and saw within a bound of him the man he most dreaded. By the light of the stars he beheld the uplifted arm and the threatening saber. Fear, exhaustion, and despair seized his heart, and the intended victim fell at the feet of the dragoon. The horse of Lawton struck the prostrate peddler, and both steed and rider came violently to the earth.

As quick as thought Birch was on his feet again, with

the sword of the discomfited dragoon in his hand. Vengeance seems too natural to human passions. There are few who have not felt the seductive pleasure of making our injuries recoil on their authors ; and yet there are some who know how much sweeter it is to return good for evil.

All the wrong of the peddler shone on his brain with a dazzling brightness. For a moment the demon within him prevailed, and Birch brandished the powerful weapon in the air ; in the next it fell harmless on the reviving but helpless trooper. The peddler vanished up the side of the friendly rock.

GOLD

THOMAS HOOD

GOLD ! Gold ! Gold ! Gold !
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled ;
Heavy to get, and light to hold ;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled :
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mold ;
Price of many a crime untold :
Gold ! Gold ! Gold ! Gold !
Good, or bad a thousand fold !

How widely its agencies vary, —
To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless,
As even its minted coins express, —
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary.

BOOKS AND READING

BOOKS are the best things, well used ; abused, among the worst. — EMERSON.

The books which help you most are those which make you think the most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading ; but a great book, that comes from a great thinker, — it is as a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth and with beauty. — THEODORE PARKER.

Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn. — ADDISON.

One cannot celebrate books sufficiently. After saying his best, still something better remains to be spoken in their praise. — ALCOTT.

Nothing can supply the place of books. — CHANNING.

The end of learning is to read great books.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. — BACON.

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books, great men talk to us, and give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. — CHANNING.

A home without books is like a room without windows.
— BEECHER.

God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for the want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live. — CHANNING.

Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. — BEECHER.

The continuous reading of a classic is in itself a liberal education.

As good almost kill a man as a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God as it were in the eye. — MILTON.

No book can be so good as to be profitable when negligently read. — SENECA.

A multitude of books distracts the mind. — SENECA.

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body.

— ADDISON.

Half the gossip of society would perish if the books that are truly worth reading were but read. — *DAWSON.*

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. — *BACON.*

In a corner of my house I have books, — the miracle of all my possessions, more wonderful than the wishing cap of the Arabian tales; for they transport me instantly, not only to all places, but to all times. By my books I can conjure up before me to a momentary existence many of the great and good men of past ages, and for my individual satisfaction they seem to act again the most renowned of their achievements; the orators declaim for me, the historians recite, the poets sing. — *ARNOTT.*

Consider what you have in the smallest chosen library. A company of the wisest and wittiest men that could be picked out of all civil countries, in a thousand years, have set in best order the results of their learning and wisdom.

— *EMERSON.*

What is a great love of books? It is something like a personal introduction to the great and good men of all past times. — *JOHN BRIGHT.*

Let us thank God for books. When I consider what some books have done for the world, and what they are doing; how they keep up our hope, awaken new courage and faith, soothe pain, give an ideal life to those whose homes are hard and cold, bind together distant ages and foreign lands, create new worlds of beauty, bring down truths from heaven, — I give eternal blessings for the gift, and pray that we may use it aright, and abuse it not.

— *JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.*

To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting. — BURKE.

If when I read a book about God I find that it has put Him farther from me; or about man, that it has put me farther from him; or about this universe, that it has shaken down upon it a new look of desolation, turning a green field into a wild moor; or about life, that it has made it seem a little less worth living, on all accounts, than it was; or about moral principles, that they are not quite so clear and strong as they were when this author began to talk; then I know that on any of these five cardinal things in the life of man, — his relations to God, to his fellows, to the world about him, and the world within him, and the great principles on which all things stable center, — that, for me, is a bad book. It may chime in with some lurking appetite in my own nature, and so seem to be as sweet as honey to my taste; but it comes to bitter, bad results. It may be food for another; I can say nothing to that. He may be a pine while I am a palm. I only know this, that in these great first things, if the book I read shall touch them at all, it shall touch them to my profit or I will not read it. Right and wrong shall grow more clear; life in and about me more divine; I shall come nearer to my fellows, and God nearer to me, or the thing is a poison. — ROBERT COLLYER.

Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquaintance is that of good books. — COTTON.

Nurture your minds with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes. — DISRAELI.

Always have some useful and pleasant book ready to take up in the "odd ends" of time. — BISHOP POTTER.

YOUNG READERS. — You whose hearts are open, whose understandings are not yet hardened, and whose feelings are not yet exhausted nor encrusted with the world, — take from me a better rule than any professor of criticism will teach you! Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may after all be innocent, and that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient of the control of others, and disposed you to relax in that self-government without which both the laws of God and man tell us there can be no virtue and, consequently, no happiness? Has it attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you the love of your country and your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, your vanity, your selfishness, or any other of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the human soul? If so, if you are conscious of any or all these effects, or if, having escaped from all, you have felt that such were the effects it was intended to produce, throw the book in the fire, whatever name it may bear in the title-page. — ROBERT SOUTHEY.

How many a man has dated a new era in his life from the reading of a book.

Reading that does not create and foster a taste for good literature is of doubtful value.

Definite reading is profitable; miscellaneous reading is pleasant. The reading of many authors and of all kinds of works has in it something vague and unstable.

—SENECA.

Every good writer is to be read, and diligently; and when the volume is finished, it is to be gone through again from the beginning. — QUINTILIAN.

All who would study with advantage in any art whatsoever ought to betake themselves to the reading of some sure and certain books oftentimes over; for to read many books produceth confusion rather than learning, like as those who dwell everywhere and are not anywhere at home. — MARTIN LUTHER.

The three practical rules I have to offer are : 1. Never read any book that is not a year old. 2. Never read any but famed books. 3. Never read any but what you like.

—EMERSON.

The most instructive reading for a person of any age, old or young, is that in which the author's tone of thought is above the average tone of the reader's thought, and yet not beyond his grasp.

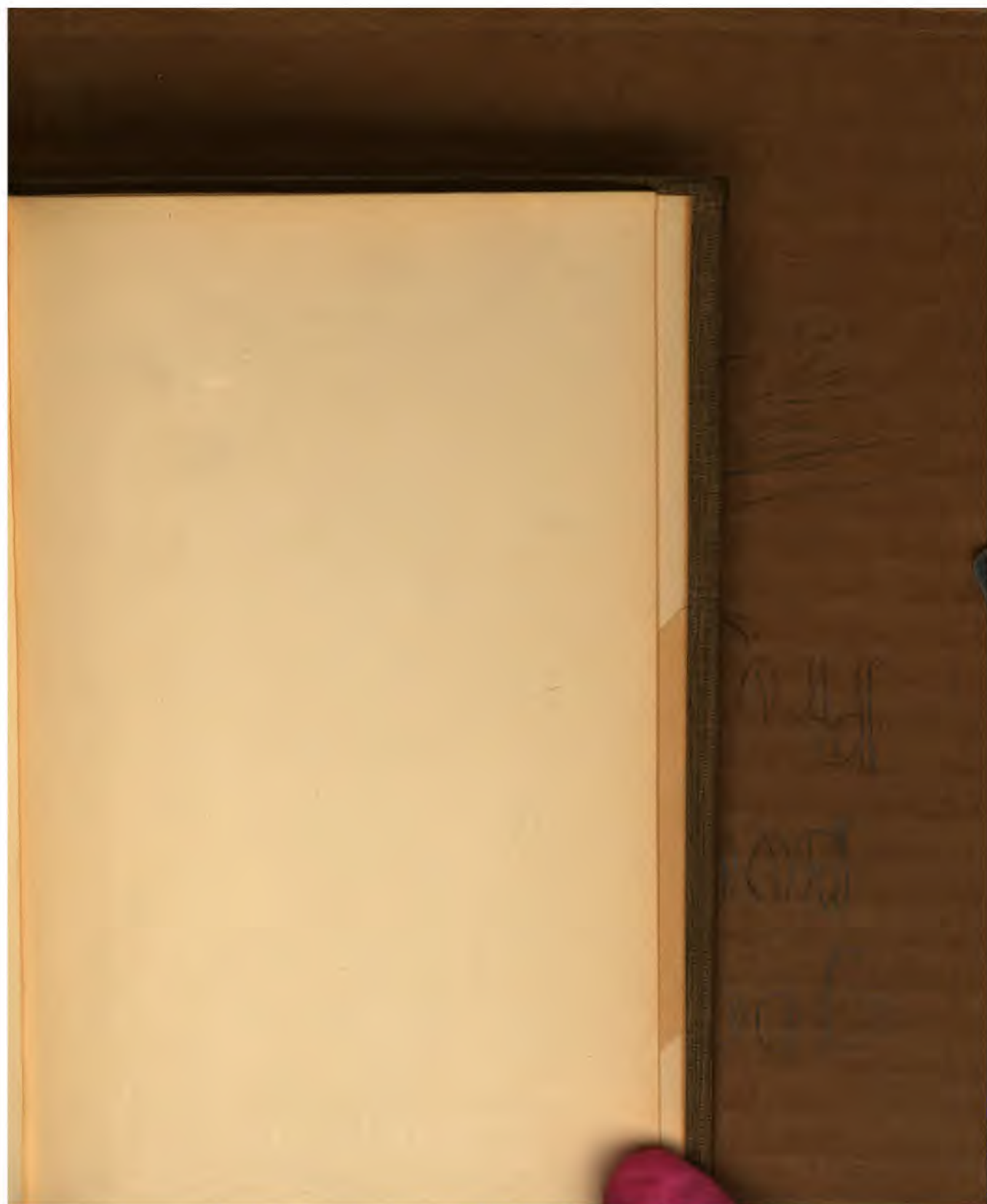
Give a man a taste for reading, and the means of gratifying it, and you place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the

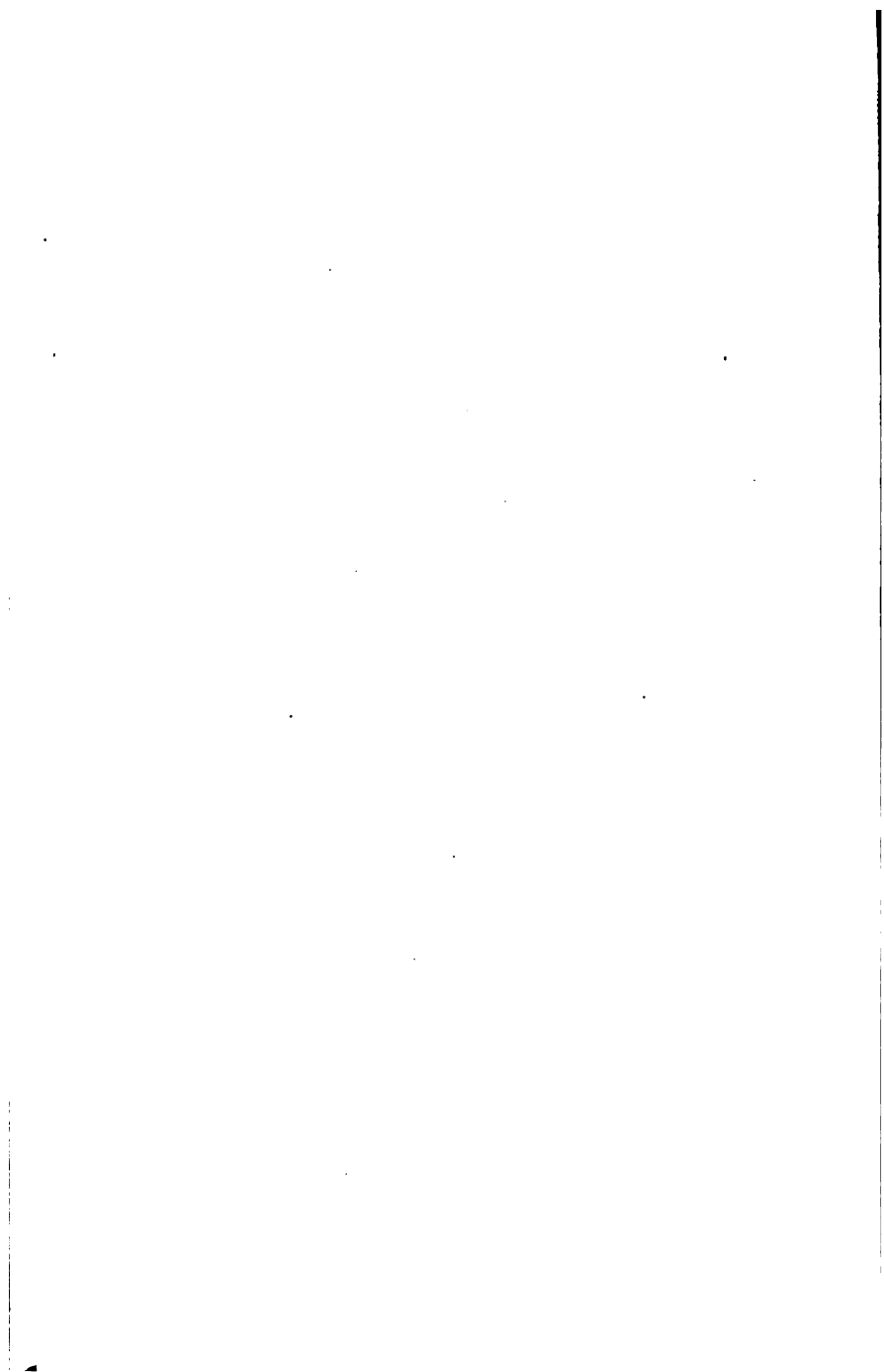
wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. — HERSCHEL.

No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*; nor is it serviceable until it has been read, and reread, and loved and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapons he needs in an armory. — RUSKIN.

If the crowns of all the kingdoms of the Empire were laid down at my feet in exchange for my books and my love of reading, I would spurn them all. — FÉNELON.

Were I to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstance, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. — SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.





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